

SELECTIONS
FROM
ENGLISH LITERATURE

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS IN INDIA

EDITED BY

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FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE

VOL. I

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PREFACE.

THE Selections in this volume have been primarily made for the use of Senior students in Upper Secondary Schools in India. The Compiler has paid close attention to the requirements of the various Indian Universities, both as to the amount of text usually required to be brought up for Matriculation, and the standard of English demanded. The PROSE portion of the book contains four selections from such well-known authors and books as Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare*, Yonge's *Book of Golden Deeds*, Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*, and Craik's *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*. The names of the authors are in themselves a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the English and of the high moral tone of the selections. The selections are such too, as, in the opinion of the Compiler, will enable those who study them carefully to improve their knowledge of English as a language, and to lay a good foundation for further studies in English Literature.

The foregoing remarks apply with equal force to the seven selections in English POETRY contained in this volume.

C. M. B.

BRIGHTON,
September, 1901.

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THE TEMPEST.

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock ; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study ; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men : and the knowledge of this art he found very 10 useful to him ; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure 20 in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange mis-shapen thing, far less human in form than an

speaking; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in
10 the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and
20 the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. 'O my dear father,' said she, 'if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with
30 all the precious souls within her.'

'Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda,' said Prospero; 'there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have

done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age.'

'Certainly I can, sir,' replied Miranda.

'By what?' asked Prospero; 'by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child.'

Miranda said, 'It seems to me like the recollection of a 10 dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?'

Prospero answered, 'You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?'

'No, sir,' said Miranda, 'I remember nothing more.'

'Twelve years ago, Miranda,' continued Prospero, 'I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of 20 retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a 30 powerful prince, who was my enemy.'

'Wherefore,' said Miranda, 'did they not that hour destroy us?'

'My child,' answered her father, 'they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom.'

'O my father,' said Miranda, 'what a trouble must I
10 have been to you then!'

'No, my love,' said Prospero, 'you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions.'

'Heaven thank you, my dear father,' said Miranda. 'Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?'

20 'Know then,' said her father, 'that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island.'

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the
30 empty air.

'Well, my brave spirit,' said Prospero to Ariel, 'how have you performed your task?'

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the

terrors of the mariners ; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea ; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. 'But he is safe,' said Ariel, 'in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before.'

'That's my delicate Ariel,' said Prospero, 'Bring him hither : my daughter must see this young prince. Where 10 is the king, and my brother?'

'I left them,' answered Ariel, 'searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing ; though each one thinks himself the only one saved : and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour.'

'Ariel,' said Prospero, 'thy charge is faithfully performed : but there is more work yet.'

'Is there more work ?' said Ariel. 'Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, 20 remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling.'

'How now !' said Prospero. 'You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double ? Where was she born ? Speak ; tell me.'

'Sir, in Algiers,' said Ariel.

'O was she so ?' said Prospero. 'I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. 30 This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors ; and because you were a spirit

too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from.'

'Pardon me, dear master,' said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; 'I will obey your commands.'

'Do so,' said Prospero, 'and I will set you free.' He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

'O my young gentleman,' said Ariel, when he saw him, 'I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me.' He then began singing,

'Full fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong-bell.'

20

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

'Miranda,' said Prospero, 'tell me what you are looking at yonder.'

'O father,' said Miranda, in a strange surprise, 'surely that is a spirit. Lord ! how it looks about ! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit ?'

30

'No, girl,' answered her father; 'it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them.'

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, 10 thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed 20 the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. 'Follow me,' said he, 'I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food.' 'No,' said Ferdinand, 'I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy,' and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, 'Why are you so 30 ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one.'

'Silence,' said the father; 'one word more will make me

chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban.' This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, 'My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man.'

'Come on, young man,' said Prospero to the prince; you have no power to disobey me.'

10 'I have not indeed,' answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, 'My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid.'

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the 20 cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. 'Alas!' said she, do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself.'

30 'O my dear lady,' said Ferdinand, 'I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest.

'If you will sit down,' said Miranda, 'I will carry your logs the while.' But this Ferdinand would by no means

agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his 10 daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, 'I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How 20 features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget.'

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, 'This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples.'

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent 30 Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

'Ah! sir,' said she, 'I am a fool to weep at what I am

glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me.'

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

'Fear nothing, my child,' said he; 'I have overheard, and approve, of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test.
 10 Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise.' He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples.
 20 Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant
 30 daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel

told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

‘Then bring them hither, Ariel,’ said Prospero: ‘if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel.’

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master’s presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so 10 kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother’s forgiveness, and the king 20 expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, ‘I have a gift in store for you too;’ and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

‘O wonder!’ said Miranda, ‘what noble creatures these 30 are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it.’

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the

beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. 'Who is this maid?' said he; 'she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together.' 'No, sir,' answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, 'she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is
 10 the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady.'

'Then I must be her father,' said the king; 'but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness.'

'No more of that,' said Prospero: 'let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended.' And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him
 20 of his forgiveness; and said that a wise over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and
 30 prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morn-

ing. 'In the meantime,' said he, 'partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island.' He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. 'My quaint Ariel,' said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, 'I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom.' 'Thank you, my dear master,' said Ariel; 'but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!' Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

'Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.'

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness,

but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

THE PETITIONERS FOR PARDON.

1720 AND ABOUT 1805.

No one in our own country has deserved warmer or more loving esteem than Helen Walker, the Scottish maiden, who, though she would not utter a word of untruth to save her sister from being sentenced to death, yet came on foot from Edinburgh to London, made her way to the Duke of Argyle, and being introduced to him, by her entreaties obtained that sister's pardon from Queen Caroline, who was acting as Regent in the absence of George II. It is hard to say which was the most glorious, the God-fearing truth that strengthened this peasant-girl to risk a life so 10 dear to her, or the trustful courage and perseverance that carried her through a journey, which in the early part of the eighteenth century was both tedious and full of danger; and it is satisfactory to know that her after-life, though simple and homely, by no means was unworthy of the high excellence of her youth. Her sister, Tibbie, for whom she had done so much, married and left her, and she lived on to be remembered by her neighbours as a religious, quiet, old woman, gaining her living by knitting new feet to old stockings, teaching little children, and keep- 20 ing chickens. Her neighbours respected her, and called her a 'lofty body.' They used to tell that in a thunder-storm she used to move herself with her work and her

Bible to the front of the house, saying that the Almighty could smite as well in the city as in the field. Sir Walter Scott made her the model of the most beautiful character he ever drew, and afterwards placed a monument to her honour in her own village church.

In the beginning of this century, a girl younger than Helen Walker was impelled to a journey beside which that from Edinburgh to London seems only like a summer stroll, and her motive was in like manner deep affection, 10 love truly stronger than death. As Helen Walker served to suggest the Jeanie Deans of the 'Heart of Midlothian,' so Prascovia Lopouloff was the origin of Elizabeth, the heroine of Madame Cottin's 'Exiles of Siberia,' but in both cases the real facts have been a good deal altered in the tales, and we may doubt whether the Russian lady appears to so much advantage, when dressed up by the French authoress, as does the Scotch lassie in the hands of her countryman.

Prascovia was the daughter of a captain in the Russian 20 army, who for some unknown reason had undergone the sentence of exile to Siberia, from the capricious and insane Czar, Paul I. The Russian government, being despotic, is naturally inclined to be suspicious, and it has long been the custom to send off persons supposed to be dangerous to the state, to live in the intensely cold and remote district of Siberia. Actual criminals are marched off in chains, and kept working in the mines; but political offenders are permitted to live with their families, have a weekly sum allowed for their support, and 30 when it is insufficient, can eke it out by any form of labour they prefer, whether by hunting or by such farming as the climate will allow.

The miseries of the exiles have been much mitigated in



rendered him so restless, that he no longer tried to put on a cheerful countenance before his daughter, but openly lamented his hard fate, in seeing her growing up untaught and working with her hands like the meanest serf.

His despair awoke Prascovia from her childish enjoyments. She daily prayed that he might be brought home and comforted, and, as she said herself, it one day darted into her mind like a flash of lightning, just as she finished saying her prayers, that she might go to Petersburg and
 10 obtain his pardon. Long did she dwell upon the thought, going alone among the pine-trees to dream over it, and to pray that grace and strength might be given her for this great work—this exceeding bliss of restoring her father to his home. Still she durst not mention the project; it seemed so impossible, that it died away upon her lips whenever she tried to ask her father's permission, till at last she set herself a time, at which nothing should prevent her from speaking. The day came; she went out among the whispering pines, and again prayed for strength to make
 20 her proposal, and that her father might be led to listen to it favourably. But prayers are not always soon answered. Her father listened to her plan in silence, then called out to his wife: 'Here is a fine patroness! Our daughter is going off to Petersburg to speak for us to the Emperor,' and he related all the scheme that had been laid before him, with such a throbbing heart, in a tone of amusement.

'She ought to be attending to her work instead of talking nonsense,' said the wife; and when poor Prascovia, more mortified at derision than by anger, began to cry
 30 bitterly, her mother held out a cloth to her, saying in a kind, half-coaxing tone, 'Here, my dear, dust the table for dinner, and then you may set off to Petersburg at your ease.'

Still day after day Prascovia returned to the charge, entreating that her scheme might at least be considered, till her father grew displeased, and severely forbade her to mention it again. She abstained; but for three whole years she never failed to add to her daily prayers a petition that his consent might be gained. During this time her mother had a long and serious illness, and Prascovia's care, as both nurse and housewife, gave her father and mother such confidence in her, that they no longer regarded her as a child; and when she again ventured to 10 bring her plan before them, they did not laugh at her, but besought her not to leave them in their declining years to expose herself to danger on so wild a project. She answered by tears, but she could not lay it aside.

Another difficulty was, that without a passport she would have been immediately sent back to Ischim, and so many petitions from her father had been disregarded, that there was little chance that any paper sent by him to Tobolsk would be attended to. However, she found one of their fellow-exiles who drew up a request in due form 20 for a passport for her, and after six months more of waiting the answer arrived. She was not herself a prisoner, she could leave Siberia whenever she pleased, and the passport was inclosed for her. Her father, however, seized upon it, and locked it up, declaring that he had only allowed the application to go in the certainty that it would be refused, and that nothing should induce him to let a girl of eighteen depart alone for such a journey.

Prascovia still persevered, and her disappointment worked upon her mother to promise not to prevent her 30 from going, provided her father consented; and at last he yielded. 'What shall we do with this child?' he said; 'we shall have to let her go.' Still he said, 'Do you

think, poor child, that you can speak to the Emperor as you speak to your father in Siberia? Sentinels guard every entrance to his palace, and you will never pass the threshold. Poor even to beggary, without clothes or introductions, how could you appear, and who will deign to present you?' However, Prascovia trusted that the same Providence that had brought her the passport would smooth other difficulties; she had boundless confidence in the Power to whom she had committed herself, and her own earnest will made obstacles seem as nothing. That her undertaking should not be disobedient was all she desired. And at length the consent was won, and the 8th of September fixed for her day of departure.

At dawn she was dressed, with a little bag over her shoulder, and her father was trying to make her take the whole family store of wealth, one silver rouble, though, as she truly said, this was not enough to take her to Petersburg, and might do some good at home, and she only took it at last when he laid his strict commands on her. Two of the poorest of the exiles tried to force on her all the money they had—thirty copper kopeks and a silver twenty-kopek piece; and though she refused these, she affectionately promised that the kind givers should share in any favour she should obtain.

When the first sunbeam shone into the room, there was, according to the beautiful old Russian custom, a short, solemn silence, for private prayer for the traveller. Then, after a few words, also customary, of indifferent conversation, there was a last embrace, and Prascovia, kneeling down, received her parents' blessing, rose up, and set her face upon her way—a girl of nineteen, with a single rouble in her pocket, to walk through vast expanses of forest, and make her way to the presence of her sovereign.

The two poor exiles did their utmost for her by escorting her as far as they were allowed to go from Ischim, and they did not leave her till she had joined a party of girls on their way to one of the villages she had to pass. Once they had a fright from some half-tipsy lads; but they shook them off, and reached the village, where Prascovia was known and hospitably lodged for the night. She was much tired in the morning, and when she first set forth on her way, the sense of terror at her loneliness was almost too much for her, till she thought of the angel 10 who succoured Hagar, and took courage; but she had mistaken the road, and by-and-by found herself at the last village she had passed the night before. Indeed, she often lost her way; and when she asked the road to Petersburg, she was only laughed at. She knew the names of no nearer places in the way, but fancied that the sacred town of Kief, where the Russian power had first begun, was on the route; so, if people did not know which was the road to Petersburg, she would ask for Kief. One day, when she came to a place where three roads branched 20 off, she asked some travellers in a carriage that passed her, which of them led to Kief. 'Whichever you please,' they answered, laughing; 'one leads as much as the other either to Kief, Paris, or Rome.' She chose the middle one, which was fortunately the right, but she was never able to give any exact account of the course she had taken, for she confused the names of the villages she passed, and only remembered certain incidents that had impressed themselves on her memory. In the lesser hamlets she was usually kindly received in the first cottage 30 where she asked for shelter; but in larger places, with houses of a superior order, she was often treated as a suspicious-looking vagabond. For instance, when not far

from a place called Kamouicheff, she was caught in a furious storm at the end of a long day's march. She hurried on in hopes of reaching the nearest houses; but a tree was blown down just before her, and she thought it safer to hasten into a thicket, the close bushes of which sheltered her a little against the wind. Darkness came on before the storm abated enough for her to venture out, and there she stayed, without daring to move, though the rain at length made its way through the branches, and soaked her to the skin. At dawn, she dragged herself to the road, and was there offered a place in a cart driven by a peasant, who set her down in the middle of the village at about eight o'clock in the morning. She fell down while getting out, and her clothes were not only wet through with the night's drenching, but covered with mire; she was spent with cold and hunger, and felt herself such a deplorable object, that the neatness of the houses filled her with alarm. She, however, ventured to approach an open window, where she saw a woman shelling peas, and begged to be allowed to rest and dry herself, but the woman surveyed her scornfully, and ordered her off; and she met with no better welcome at any other house. At one, where she sat down at the door, the mistress drove her off, saying that she harboured neither thieves nor vagabonds. 'At least,' thought the poor wanderer, 'they cannot hunt me from the church;' but she found the door locked, and when she sat down on its stone steps, the village boys came round her, hooting at her, and calling her a thief and runaway; and thus she remained for two whole hours, ready to die with cold and hunger, but inwardly praying for strength to bear this terrible trial.

At last, however, a kinder woman came up through the rude little mob, and spoke to her in a gentle manner. Prascovia told what a terrible night she had spent in the wood, and the starost, or village magistrate, examined her passport, and found that it answered for her character. The good woman offered to take her home, but on trying to rise, she found her limbs so stiff that she could not move; she had lost one of her shoes, and her feet were terribly swollen; indeed, she never entirely recovered the effects of that dreadful night of exposure. The villagers 10 were shocked at their own inhospitality, they fetched a cart and lodged her safely with the good woman, with whom she remained several days, and when she was again able to proceed, one of the villagers gave her a pair of boots. She was often obliged to rest for a day or two, according to the state of her strength, the weather, or the reception she met with, and she always endeavoured to requite the hospitality she received by little services, such as sweeping, washing, or sewing for her hosts. She found it wiser not to begin by telling her story, or people took 20 her for an impostor; she generally began by begging for a morsel of food; then, if she met with a kind answer, she would talk of her weariness and obtain leave to rest, and when she was a little more at home with the people of the house, would tell them her story; and when, if nothing else would do, she was in urgent need, the sight of her passport secured attention to her from the petty authorities, since she was there described as the daughter of a captain in the army. But she always said that she did not, comparatively, often meet with rebuffs, whilst the 30 acts of kindness she had received were beyond counting. 'People fancy,' she used afterwards to say, 'that my journey was most dangerous, because I tell the troubles

and adventures that befel me, and pass over the kind welcomes I received, because nobody cares to hear them.'

Once she had a terrible fright. She had been refused an entrance at all the houses in a village street, when an old man, who had been very short and sharp in his rejection, came and called her back. She did not like his looks, but there was no help for it, and she turned back with him. His wife looked even more repulsive than
 10 himself, and no sooner had they entered the miserable one-roomed cottage, than she shut the door and fastened it with strong bolts, so that the only light in the place came from oak slips which were set on fire and stuck into a hole in the wall. By their flicker Prascovia thought she saw the old people staring at her most unpleasantly, and presently they asked her where she came from.

'From Ischim. I am going to Petersburg.'

'And you have plenty of money for the journey?'

'Only eighty copper-kopeks now,' said Prascovia, very
 20 glad just then to have no more.

'That's a lie,' shouted the old woman; 'people don't go that distance without money.'

She vainly declared it was all she had; they did not believe her, and she could hardly keep back her tears of indignation and terror. At last they gave her a few potatoes to eat, and told her to lie down on the great brick stove, the wide ledges of which are the favourite sleeping
 30 places of the poorer Russians. She laid aside her upper garments, and with them her pockets and her pack, hoping within herself that the smallness of the sum might at least make her not worth murdering; then praying with all her might, she lay down. As soon as they thought her asleep, they began whispering.

'She must have more money,' they said; 'she certainly has notes.'

'I saw a string round her neck,' said the old woman, 'and a little bag hanging to it. The money must be there.'

Then after some lower murmurs, they said, 'No one saw her come in here. She is not known to be still in the village.'

And next the horrified girl saw the old woman climbing up the stove. She again declared that she had no money, 10 and entreated for her life, but the woman made no answer, only pulled the bag from off her neck, and felt her clothes all over, even taking off her boots, and opening her hands, while the man held the light; but, at last, finding nothing in the bag but the passport, they left her alone, and lay down themselves. She lay trembling for a good while, but at last she knew by their breathing that they were both asleep, and she, too, fell into a slumber, from which she did not waken till the old woman roused her at broad daylight. There was a plentiful breakfast of 20 peasant fare prepared for her, and both spoke to her much more kindly, asking her questions, in reply to which she told them part of her story. They seemed interested, and assured her that they had only searched her because they thought she might be a dishonest wanderer, but that she would find that they were far from being robbers themselves. Prascovia was heartily glad to leave their house; but when she ventured to look into her little store, she found that her eighty kopecks had become 120. She always fully believed that these people had had the worst 30 intentions, and thanked God for having turned their hearts. Her other greatest alarm was one morning, when she had set out from her night's lodging before any one

was up, and all the village dogs flew at her. Running and striking with her stick only made them more furious, and one of them was tearing at the bottom of her gown, when she flung herself on her face, recommending her soul to God, as she felt a cold nose upon her neck; but the beast was only smelling her, she was not even once bitten, and a peasant passing by drove them off.

Winter began to come on, and an eight days' snow-storm forced her to stop till it was over; but when she wanted to set off again, the peasants declared that to travel on foot alone in the snow would be certain death even to the strongest men, for the wind raises the drifts, and makes the way undistinguishable, and they detained her till the arrival of a convoy of sledges, which were taking provisions to Ekatherinenburg for the Christmas feasts. The drivers, on learning her story, offered her a seat in a sledge, but her garments were not adapted for winter travelling, and though they covered her with one of the wrappers of their goods, on the fourth day, when they arrived at the kharstina, or solitary posting station, the intense cold had so affected her, that she was obliged to be lifted from the sledge, with one cheek frost-bitten. The good carriers rubbed it with snow, and took every possible care of her; but they said it was impossible to take her on without a sheepskin pelisse, since otherwise her death from the increasing cold was certain. She cried bitterly at the thought of missing this excellent escort, and on the other hand, the people of the kharstina would not keep her. The carriers then agreed to club together to buy her a sheepskin, but none could be had; no one at the station would spare theirs, as they were in a lonely place, and could not easily get another. Though the carriers even offered a sum beyond the cost to the maid of the inn, if

she would part with hers, she still refused; but at last an expedient was found. 'Let us lend her our pelisses by turns,' said one of the carriers. 'Or rather, let her always wear mine, and we will change about every verst.' To this all agreed; Prascovia was well wrapped up in one of the sheepskin pelisses, whose owner rolled himself in the wrapper, curled his feet under him, and sung at the top of his lungs. Every verst-stone there was a shifting of sheepskins, and there was much merriment over the changes, while all the way Prascovia's silent prayers arose, that 10 these kind men's health might suffer no injury from the cold to which they thus exposed themselves.

At the inn at which they put up at Ekatherinenburg, the hostess told Prascovia the names of the most charitable persons in the town, and so especially praised a certain Madame Milin, that Prascovia resolved to apply to her the next day for advice how to proceed further. First, as it was Sunday, however, she went to church. Her worn travelling dress, as well as her fervent devotion, attracted attention, and as she came out, a lady asked her who she 20 was. Prascovia gave her name, and further requested to be directed where to find Madame Milin, whose benevolence was everywhere talked of. 'I am afraid,' said the lady, 'that this Madame Milin's beneficence is a good deal exaggerated: but come with me, and I will take care of you.'

Prascovia did not much like this way of speaking; but the stranger pointed to Madame Milin's door, saying that if she were rejected there, she must return to her. Without answering, Prascovia asked the servants whether 30 Madame Milin were at home, and only when they looked at their mistress in amazement, did she discover that she had been talking to Madame Milin herself all the time.

This good lady kept her as a guest all the rest of the winter, and strove to remedy the effects of the severe cold she had caught on the night of the tempest. At the same time she taught Prascovia many of the common matters of education becoming her station. Captain Lopouloff and his wife had been either afraid to teach their daughter anything that would recall their former condition in life, or else had become too dispirited and indifferent for the exertion, and Prascovia had so entirely forgotten all she
 10 had known before her father's banishment, that she had to learn to read and write over again. She could never speak of Madame Milin's kindness without tears, but the comfort and ease in which she now lived, made her all the more distressed at the thought of her parents toiling alone among the privations of their snowy wilderness. Madame Milin, however, would not allow her to leave Ekatherinenburg till the spring, and then took a place for her in a barge upon the river Khama, a confluent of the Volga; and put her under the care of a man who was going to Nishni Novgorod,
 20 with a cargo of iron and salt.

Unfortunately this person fell sick, and was obliged to be left behind at a little village on the banks of the Khama, and Prascovia was again left unprotected. In ascending the Volga, the barge was towed along by horses on the bank, and in a short sharp storm, the boatmen, in endeavouring to keep the barge from running against the bank, pushed Prascovia and two other passengers overboard with a heavy oar. They were instantly rescued, but there was no privacy in the barge, and as Prascovia could
 30 not bear to undress herself in public, her wet clothes increased the former injury to her health. Madame Milin trusting to the person to whom she had confided her young friend, to forward her on from Novgorod, had given

her no introductions to any one there, nor any directions how to proceed, and the poor girl was thus again cast upon the world alone, though, thanks to her kind friend, with rather more both in her purse and in her bundle than when she had left Ischim: but on the other hand, with a far clearer knowledge of the difficulties that lay before her, and a much greater dread of cities.

The bargemen set her ashore at the foot of a bridge at the usual landing-place. She saw a church on a rising ground before her, and, according to her usual custom, 10 she went up to pray there before going to seek a lodging. The building was empty, but behind a grating she heard the voices of women at their evening devotions. It was a nunnery, and these female tones refreshed and encouraged her. 'If God grants my prayers,' she thought, 'I shall hide myself under such a veil as theirs, for I shall have nothing to do but to thank and praise Him.' After the service she lingered near the convent, dreading to expose herself to the rude remarks she might meet at an inn, and at last, reproaching herself for this failure in 20 her trust, she returned into the church to renew her prayers for faith and courage. One of the nuns who had remained there told her it was time to close the doors, and Prascovia ventured to tell her of her repugnance to enter an inn alone, and to beg for a night's shelter in the convent. The sister replied that they did not receive travellers, but that the abbess might give her some assistance. Prascovia showed her purse and explained that the kind friends at Ekatherinenburg had placed her above want, and that all she needed was a night's lodging; and the nun, pleased 30 with her manner, took her to the abbess. Her artless story, supported by her passport, and by Madame Milin's letters, filled the good sisterhood with excitement and

delight; the abbess made her sleep in her own room, and finding how severely she was suffering from the effects of her fall into the Volga, insisted on her remaining a few days to rest. Before those few days were over, Prascovia was seized with so dangerous an illness that the physicians themselves despaired of her life; but even at the worst she never gave herself up; 'I do not believe my hour is come' she said. 'I hope God will allow me to finish my work.' And she did recover, though so slowly that all the 10 summer passed by before she could continue her journey, and then she was too weak for rough posting vehicles, and could only wait among the nuns for the roads to be fit for sledges.

At last she set off again for Moscow in a covered sledge, with a letter from the abbess to a lady, who sent her on again to Petersburg, under the care of a merchant, with a letter to the Princess de T——, and thus at length she arrived at the end of her journey, eighteen months after she had set off from Ischim with her rouble and her 20 staff. The merchant took her to his own house, but before he had found out the Princess, he was obliged to go to Riga, and his wife, though courteous and hospitable, did not exert herself to forward the cause of her guest. She tried to find one of the ladies to whom she had been recommended, but the house was on the other side of the Neva, and as it was now February, the ice was in so unsafe a state that no one was allowed to pass. A visitor at the merchant's advised her to get a petition to the Senate, drawn up begging for a revision of her father's 30 trial, and offered to get it drawn up for her. Accordingly, day after day, for a whole fortnight, did the poor girl stand on the steps of the Senate-house, holding out her petition to every one whom she fancied to be a senator, and

being sometimes roughly spoken to, sometimes waved aside, sometimes offered a small coin as a beggar, but never attended to. Holy Week came on and Prascovia's devotions and supplications were addressed entirely to her God. On Easter-day, that day of universal joy, she was unusually hopeful; she went out with her hostess in the carriage, and told her that she felt a certainty that another time she should meet with success.

'I would trouble myself no more with senates and senators,' said the lady. 'It is just as well worth while 10 as it would be to offer your petition to yonder iron man,' pointing to the famous statue of Peter the Great.

'Well,' said Prascovia, 'God is Almighty, and if He would, He could make that iron man stoop and take my petition.'

The lady laughed carelessly; but as they were looking at the statue, she observed that the bridge of boats over the Neva was restored, and offered to take Prascovia at once to leave her letter with Mme. de L—. They found this lady at home, and already prepared to 20 expect her; she received her most kindly, and looked at the petition which she found so ignorantly framed and addressed, that it was no wonder that it had not been attended to. She said that she had a relation high in office in the Senate who could have helped Prascovia, but that unfortunately they were not on good terms.

Easter-day, however, is the happy occasion when, in the Greek Church, all reconciliations are made. Families make a point of meeting with the glorious greeting, "Christ is risen," and the response, "He is risen indeed," 30 and the kiss exchanged at these glad tidings seals general pardon for all the bickerings of the year. And while Prascovia was at dinner with her friends, this very gentle-

man came in, with the accustomed words, and, without further delay, she was introduced to him, and her circumstances explained. He took great interest in her, but assured her that her applications to the Senate were useless; for even if she should prevail to have the trial revised, it would be a tedious and protracted affair, and very uncertain; so that it would be far better to trust to the kind disposition of the Czar Alexander himself.

Prascovia went back to the merchant's greatly encouraged, and declaring that, after all, she owed something to the statue of Peter the Great, for but for him they might not have observed that the Neva was open! The merchant himself now returned from Riga, and was concerned at finding her affairs no forwarder. He took her at once to the Princess de T—, a very old lady, who received her kindly, and let her remain in her house; but it was full of grand company and card-playing, and the Princess herself was so aged and infirm, that she, as well as all her guests, forgot all about the young stranger, who, with a heart pining with hope deferred, meekly moved about the house—finding that every opening of promise led only to disappointment. Still she recollected that she had been advised to present a request to M. V—, one of the Secretaries of the Empress Mary, widow of the last, and mother of the present Czar. With this, she went to his house. He had heard of her, but fancying hers a common case of poverty, had put out fifty roubles to be given to her. He was not at home when she called; but his wife saw her, was delighted with her, drew from her the whole history of her perseverance in her father's cause, and kept her to see M. V—. He, too, was warmly interested, and going at once to the Empress-mother, who was one of the most gentle and charitable

women in the world, he brought back her orders that she should be presented to the Empress that very evening.

Poor child, she turned pale, and her eyes filled with tears at this sudden brightening of hope. Instead of thanking M. V——, her first exclamation was, 'My God, not in vain have I put my trust in Thee.' Then kissing Mme. V——'s hands, she cried, 'You, you, alone can make my thanks acceptable to the good man who is saving my father!'

She never disturbed herself as to her dress, or any 10 matter of court etiquette: her simple heart was wrapped up in its one strong purpose. Mme. V—— merely arranged the dress she had on, and sent her off with the Secretary. When she really saw the palace before her, she said: 'Oh if my father could see me, how glad he would be. My God finish Thy work!'

The Empress Mary was a tender-hearted woman of the simplest manners. She received Prascovia in her private room, and listened most kindly to her story; then praised her self-devotion and filial love, and promised to speak in 20 her behalf to the Emperor—giving her 300 roubles for her present needs. Prascovia was so much overcome by her kindness, that when afterwards Mme. V—— asked how she had sped in her interview, she could only weep for gladness.

Two days after, the Empress-mother herself took her to a private audience of the Emperor himself and his wife, the Empress Elizabeth. No particulars are given of this meeting, except that Prascovia was most graciously received, and that she came away with a gift of 5000 roubles, and 30 the promise that her father's trial should be at once revised.

And now all the persons who had scarcely attended to

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Two days after, the Empress-mother herself took her to a private audience of the Emperor himself and his wife, the Empress Elizabeth. No particulars are given of this meeting, except that Prascovia was most graciously received, and that she came away with a gift of 5000 roubles, and 30 the promise that her father's trial should be at once revised.

And now all the persons who had scarcely attended to

Prascovia vied with each other in making much of her: they admired her face, found out that she had the stamp of high birth, and invited her to their drawing rooms. She was as quiet and unmoved as ever; she never thought of herself, nor of the effect she produced, but went on in her simplicity, enjoying all that was kindly meant. Two ladies took her to see the state apartments of the Imperial palace. When they pointed to the throne, she stopped short, exclaiming, 'Is that the throne? Then
 10 that is what I dreaded so much in Siberia!' And as all her past hopes and fears, her dangers and terrors, rushed on her, she clasped her hands, and exclaiming, 'The Emperor's throne!' she almost fainted. Then she begged leave to draw near, and, kneeling down, she kissed the steps, of which she had so often dreamt as the term of her labours, and she exclaimed aloud, 'Father, father! see whither the Divine Power has led me! My God bless this throne—bless him who sits on it—make him as happy as he is making me!' The ladies could hardly get
 20 her away from it, and she was so much exhausted by the strength of her feelings, that she could not continue her course of sight-seeing all that day.

She did not forget the two fellow-exiles who had been so kind to her; she mentioned them to everyone, but was always advised not to encumber her suit for her father by mentioning them. However, when, after some delay, she received notice that a ukase had been issued for her father's pardon, and was further told that His Majesty wished to know if she had anything to ask for herself,
 30 she replied, that he would overwhelm her with his favours if he would extend the same mercy that he had granted to her father to these two poor old banished gentlemen; and the Emperor, struck by this absence of all selfishness,

readily pardoned them for their offence, which had been of a political nature, and many years old.

Prascovia had always intended to dedicate herself as a nun, believing that this would be her fullest thank-offering for her father's pardon, and her heart was drawn towards the convent at Nishni, where she had been so tenderly nursed during her illness. First, however, she went to Kief, the place where the first Christian teaching in Russia had begun, and where the tombs of St. Olga, the pious queen, and Vladimir, the destroyer of idols, ¹⁰ were objects of pilgrimage. There she took the monastic vows, a step which seems surprising in so dutiful a daughter, without her parents' consent; but she seems to have thought that only thus could her thankfulness be evinced, and to have supposed herself fulfilling the vows she had made in her distress. From Kief, she returned to Nishni, where she hoped to meet her parents. She had reckoned that about the time of her arrival they might be on their way back from Siberia, and as soon as she met the abbess, she eagerly asked if there were no tidings of 20 them. 'Excellent tidings,' said the abbess. 'I will tell you in my rooms.' Prascovia followed her in silence, until they reached the reception-room, and there stood her father and mother! The first impulse on seeing the daughter who had done so much for them, was to fall on their knees; but she cried out with dismay, and herself kneeling, exclaimed, 'What are you doing? It is God, God only, who worked for us. Thanks be to His providence for the wonders He has wrought in our favour.'

For one week the parents and child were happy to- 30 gether; but then Captain Lopouloff and his wife were forced to proceed on their journey. The rest of Prascovia's life was one long decline, her health had been fatally

injured by the sufferings that she had undergone ; and though she lived some years, and saw her parents again, she was gently fading away all the time. She made one visit to Petersburg, and one of those who saw her there described her as having a fine oval face, extremely black eyes, an open brow, and a remarkable calmness of expression, though with a melancholy smile. It is curious that Scott has made this open-browed serenity of expression a characteristic of his Jeanie Deans.

- 10 Prascovia's illness ended suddenly on the 9th of December, 1809. She had been in church on that same morning, and was lying on her bed, with the sisters talking round her, when they observed that they were tiring her. They went away for one of their hours of prayer, leaving one, who began to chant the devotions aloud, but Prascovia begged her to read instead of singing, as the voice disturbed her prayers. Still she did not complain, and they left her at night without alarm, but in the morning they found her in her last long sleep, her hands forming the
20 sign of the cross.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

THE LITTLE MERCHANTS.

CHAPTER I.

Chi di gallina nasce, convien che rozole.

As the old cock crows, so crows the young.

THOSE who have visited Italy give us an agreeable picture of the cheerful industry of the children of all ages in the celebrated city of Naples. Their manner of living and their numerous employments are exactly described in the following 'Extract from a Traveller's Journal.'

'The children are busied in various ways. A great number of them bring fish for sale to town from Santa Lucia; others are very often seen about the arsenals, or wherever carpenters are at work, employed in gathering up the chips and pieces of wood; or by the sea-side, picking up 10 sticks, and whatever else has drifted ashore, which, when their basket is full, they carry away.

'Children of two or three years old, who can scarcely crawl along upon the ground, in company with boys of five or six, are employed in this petty trade. Hence they proceed with their baskets into the heart of the city, where in several places they form a sort of little market, sitting round with their stock of wood before them. Labourers, and the lower order of citizens, buy it of them to burn in the tripods for warming themselves, or to use in their scanty 20 kitchens.

'Other children carry about for sale the water of the sulphurous wells, which, particularly in the spring season, is drunk in great abundance. Others again endeavour to turn a few pence by buying a small matter of fruit, of pressed honey, cakes, and comfits, and then, like little peddlers, offer and sell them to other children, always for no more profit than that they may have their share of them free of expense.

'It is really curious to see how an urchin, whose whole
10 stock and property consist in a board and a knife, will carry about a water-melon, or a half roasted gourd, collect a troupe of children round him, set down his board, and proceed to divide the fruit into small pieces among them.

'The buyers keep a sharp look out to see that they have enough for their little piece of copper; and the Lilliputian tradesman acts with no less caution as the exigences of the case may require, to prevent his being cheated out of a morsel.'

The advantages of truth and honesty, and the value
20 of a character for integrity, are very early felt amongst these little merchants in their daily intercourse with each other. The fair dealer is always sooner or later seen to prosper. The most cunning cheat is at last detected and disgraced.

Numerous instances of the truth of this common observation were remarked by many Neapolitan children, especially by those who were acquainted with the characters and history of Piedro and Francisco, two boys originally equal in birth, fortune and capacity, but different in their
30 education, and consequently in their habits and conduct. Francisco was the son of an honest gardener, who, from the time he could speak, taught him to love to speak the truth, showed him that liars are never believed—that cheats and

thieves cannot be trusted, and that the shortest way to obtain a good character is to deserve it.

Youth and white paper, as the proverb says, take all impressions. The boy profited much by his father's precepts, and more by his example; he always heard his father speak the truth, and saw that he dealt fairly with everybody. In all his childish traffic, Francisco, imitating his parents, was scrupulously honest, and therefore all his companions trusted him—'As honest as Francisco,' became a sort of proverb amongst them.

10

'As honest as Francisco,' repeated Piedro's father, when he one day heard this saying. 'Let them say so; I say, "As sharp as Piedro"; and let us see which will go through the world best.' With the idea of making his son *sharp* he made him cunning. He taught him, that to make a *good bargain* was to deceive as to the value and price of whatever he wanted to dispose of; to get as much money as possible from customers by taking advantage of their ignorance or of their confidence. He often repeated his favourite proverb—'The buyer has need of a hundred eyes; the 20 seller has need but of one.' And he took frequent opportunities of explaining the meaning of this maxim to his son. He was a fisherman; and as his gains depended more upon fortune than upon prudence, he trusted habitually to his good luck. After being idle for a whole day, he would cast his line or his nets, and if he was lucky enough to catch a fine fish, he would go and show it in triumph to his neighbour the gardener.

'You are obliged to work all day long for your daily bread,' he would say. 'Look here; I work but five 30 minutes, and I have not only daily bread, but daily fish.'

Upon these occasions, our fisherman always forgot, or neglected to count, the hours and days which were wasted

in waiting for a fair wind to put to sea, or angling in vain on the shore.

Little Piedro, who used to bask in the sun upon the sea-shore beside his father, and to lounge or sleep away his time in a fishing-boat, acquired habits of idleness, which seemed to his father of little consequence whilst he was *but a child*.

‘What will you do with Piedro as he grows up, neighbour?’ said the gardener. ‘He is smart and quick enough, but he is always in mischief. Scarcely a day has passed for this fortnight but I have caught him amongst my grapes. I track his footsteps all over my vineyard.’ ‘*He is but a child* yet, and knows no better,’ replied the fisherman. ‘But if you don’t teach him better now he is a child, how will he know when he is a man?’ said the gardener. ‘A mighty noise about a bunch of grapes, truly!’ cried the fisherman; ‘a few grapes more or less in your vineyard, what does it signify?’ ‘I speak for your son’s sake, and not for the sake of my grapes,’ said the gardener; 20 ‘and I tell you again, the boy will not do well in the world, neighbour, if you don’t look after him in time.’ ‘He’ll do well enough in the world, you will find,’ answered the fisherman, carelessly. ‘Whenever he casts my nets, they never come up empty. “It is better to be lucky than wise.”’

This was a proverb which Piedro had frequently heard from his father, and to which he most willingly trusted, because it gave him less trouble to fancy himself fortunate than to make himself wise.

30 ‘Come here, child,’ said his father to him, when he returned home after the preceding conversation with the gardener; ‘how old are you, my boy?—twelve years old, is not it?’ ‘As old as Francisco, and older by six months,’

said Pedro. 'And smarter and more knowing by six years,' said his father. 'Here, take these fish to Naples, and let us see how you'll sell them for me. Venture a small fish, as the proverb says, to catch a great one. I was too late with them at the market yesterday, but nobody will know but what they are just fresh out of the water, unless you go and tell them.'

'Not I; trust me for that; I'm not such a fool,' replied Pedro, laughing; 'I leave that to Francisco. Do you know, I saw him the other day miss selling a melon for his 10 father by turning the bruised side to the customer, who was just laying down the money for it, and who was a raw servant-boy, moreover—one who would never have guessed there were two sides to a melon, if he had not, as you say, father, been told of it?'

'Off with you to market. You are a droll chap,' said his father, 'and will sell my fish cleverly, I'll be bound. As to the rest, let every man take care of his own grapes. You understand me, Pedro!'

'Perfectly,' said the boy, who perceived that his father 20 was indifferent as to his honesty, provided he sold fish at the highest price possible. He proceeded to the market, and he offered his fish with assiduity to every person whom he thought likely to buy it, especially to those upon whom he thought he could impose. He positively asserted to all who looked at his fish, that they were just fresh out of the water. Good judges of men and fish knew that he said what was false, and passed him by with neglect; but it was at last what he called his *good luck* to meet with the very same young raw servant-boy who would have bought the 30 bruised melon from Francisco. He made up to him directly, crying, 'Fish! Fine fresh fish! fresh fish!'

Was it caught to-day?' said the boy.

'Yes, this morning; not an hour ago,' said Pietro, with the greatest effrontery.

The servant-boy was imposed upon; and being a foreigner, speaking the Italian language but imperfectly, and not being expert at reckoning the Italian money, he was no match for the cunning Pietro, who cheated him not only as to the freshness, but as to the price of the commodity. Pietro received nearly half as much again for his fish as he ought to have done.

- 10 On his road homewards from Naples to the little village of Resina, where his father lived, he overtook Francisco, who was leading his father's ass. The ass was laden with large panniers, which were filled with the stalks and leaves of cauliflowers, cabbages, broccoli, lettuces, etc.—all the refuse of the Neapolitan kitchens, which are usually collected by the gardeners' boys, and carried to the gardens round Naples, to be mixed with other manure.

'Well filled panniers, truly,' said Pietro, as he overtook Francisco and the ass. The panniers were indeed not only
20 filled to the top, but piled up with much skill and care, so that the load met over the animal's back.

'It is not a very heavy load for the ass, though it looks so large,' said Francisco. 'The poor fellow, however, shall have a little of this water,' added he, leading the ass to a pool by the roadside.

'I was not thinking of the ass, boy; I was not thinking of any ass, but of you, when I said, 'Well filled panniers, truly!'
30 errand, I warrant, before your father thinks you have done enough?'

'Not before *my father* thinks I have done enough, but before I think so myself,' replied Francisco.

'I do enough to satisfy myself and my father, too,' said Piedro, 'without slaving myself after your fashion. Look here,' producing the money he had received for the fish: 'all this was had for asking. It is no bad thing, you'll allow, to know how to ask for money properly.'

'I should be ashamed to beg, or borrow either,' said Francisco.

'Neither did I get what you see by begging, or borrowing either,' said Piedro, 'but by using my wits; not as you did yesterday, when, like a novice, you showed the bruised 10 side of your melon, and so spoiled your market by your wisdom.'

'Wisdom I think it still,' said Francisco.

'And your father?' asked Piedro.

'And my father,' said Francisco.

'Mine is of a different way of thinking,' said Piedro. 'He always tells me that the buyer has need of a hundred eyes, and if one can blind the whole hundred, so much the better. You must know, I got off the fish to-day that my father could not sell yesterday in the market—got it off for 20 fresh just out of the river—got twice as much as the market price for it; and from whom, think you? Why, from the very booby that would have bought the bruised melon for a sound one if you would have let him. You'll allow I'm no fool, Francisco, and that I'm in a fair way to grow rich, if I go on as I have begun.'

'Stay,' said Francisco; 'you forgot that the booby you took in to-day will not be so easily taken in to-morrow. He will buy no more fish from you, because he will be afraid of your cheating him; but he will be ready enough 30 to buy fruit from me, because he will know I shall not cheat him—so you'll have lost a customer, and I gained one.'

'With all my heart,' said Piedro. 'One customer does not make a market; if he buys no more from me, what care I? there are people enough to buy fish in Naples.'

'And do you mean to serve them all in the same manner?' asked Francisco.

'If they will be only so good as to give me leave,' said Piedro, laughing, and repeating his father's proverb, "'Venture a small fish to catch a large one.'" He had learned to think that to cheat in making bargains was witty
10 and clever.

'And you have never considered, then,' said Francisco, 'that all these people will, one after another, find you out in time?'

'Ay, in time; but it will be some time first. There are a great many of them, enough to last me all the summer, if I lose a customer a day,' said Piedro.

'And next summer,' observed Francisco, 'what will you do?'

'Next summer is not come yet; there is time enough to
20 think what I shall do before next summer comes. Why, now, suppose the blockheads, after they had been taken in and found it out, all joined against me, and would buy none of our fish—what then? Are there no trades but that of a fisherman? In Naples, are there not a hundred ways of making money for a smart lad like me? as my father says. What do you think of turning merchant, and selling sugar-plums and cakes to the children in their market? Would they be hard to deal with, think you?'

'I think not,' said Francisco; 'but I think the children
30 would find out in time if they were cheated, and would like it as little as the men.'

'I don't doubt them. Then *in time* I could, you know, change my trade—sell chips and sticks in the wood-market

—hand about the lemonade to the fine folks, or twenty other things. There are trades enough, boy.'

'Yes, for the honest dealer,' said Francisco, 'but for no other; for in all of them you'll find, as *my* father says, that a good character is the best fortune to set up with. Change your trade ever so often, you'll be found out for what you are at last.'

'And what am I, pray?' said Pedro, angrily. 'The whole truth of the matter is, Francisco, that you envy my good luck, and can't bear to hear this money jingle in my hand. Ay, stroke the long ears of your ass, and look as wise as you please. It is better to be lucky than wise, as *my* father says. Good morning to you. When I am found out for what I am, or when the worst comes to the worst, I can drive a stupid ass, with his panniers filled with rubbish, as well as you do now, *honest Francisco*.'

'Not quite so well. Unless you were *honest Francisco*, you would not fill his panniers quite so readily.'

This was certain, that Francisco was so well known for his honesty amongst all the people at Naples with whom his father was acquainted, that everyone was glad to deal with him; and as he never wronged anyone, all were willing to serve him—at least, as much as they could without loss to themselves: so that after the market was over, his panniers were regularly filled by the gardeners and others with whatever he wanted. His industry was constant, his gains small but certain, and he every day had more and more reason to trust to his father's maxim—That honesty is the best policy.

The foreign servant lad, to whom Francisco had so honestly, or, as Pedro said, so sillily, shown the bruised side of the melon, was an Englishman. He left his native country, of which he was extremely fond, to attend upon

his master, to whom he was still more attached. His master was in a declining state of health, and this young lad waited on him a little more to his mind than his other servants. We must, in consideration of his zeal, fidelity and inexperience, pardon him for not being a good judge of fish. Though he had simplicity enough to be easily cheated once, he had too much sense to be twice made a dupe. The next time he met Piedro in the market, he happened to be in company with several English gentlemen's servants, 10 and he pointed Piedro out to them all as an arrant knave. They heard his cry of 'Fresh fish! fresh fish! fine fresh fish!' with incredulous smiles, and let him pass, but not without some expressions of contempt, which though uttered in English, he tolerably well understood; for the tone of contempt is sufficiently expressive in all languages. He lost more by not selling his fish to these people than he had gained the day before by cheating the *English booby*. The market was well supplied, and he could not get rid of his cargo.

20 'Is not this truly provoking?' said Piedro, as he passed by Francisco, who was selling fruit for his father. 'Look, my basket is as heavy as when I left home; and look at 'em yourself, they really are fine fresh fish to-day; and yet, because that revengeful booby told how I took him in yesterday, not one of yonder crowd would buy them; and all the time they really are fresh to-day!'

'So they are,' said Francisco; 'but you said so yesterday, when they were not; and he that was duped then, is not ready to believe you to-day. How does he know that 30 you deserve it better?'

'He might have looked at the fish,' repeated Piedro; 'they are fresh to-day. I am sure he need not have been afraid.'

‘Ay,’ said Francisco; ‘but as my father said to you once—the scalded dog fears cold water.’

Here their conversation was interrupted by the same English lad, who smiled as he came up to Francisco, and taking up a fine pine-apple, he said, in a mixture of bad Italian and English—‘I need not look at the other side of this; you will tell me if it is not as good as it looks. Name your price; I know you have but one, and that an honest one; and as to the rest, I am able and willing to pay for what I buy; that is to say, my master is, which¹⁰ comes to the same thing. I wish your fruit could make him well, and it would be worth its weight in gold—to me, at least. We must have some of your grapes for him.’

‘Is he not well?’ inquired Francisco. ‘We must, then, pick out the best for him,’ at the same time singling out a tempting bunch. ‘I hope he will like these; but if you could some day come as far as Resina (it is a village but a few miles out of town, where we have our vineyard), you could there choose for yourself, and pluck them fresh from the vines for your poor master.’²⁰

‘Bless you, my good boy; I should take you for an Englishman, by your way of dealing. I’ll come to your village. Only write me down the name; for your Italian names slip through my head. I’ll come to the vineyard if it was ten miles off; and all the time we stay in Naples (may it not be so long as I fear it will!), with my master’s leave, which he never refuses me to anything that’s proper, I’ll deal with you for all our fruit, as sure as my name’s Arthur, and with none else, with my good will. I wish all your countrymen would take after you in honesty, indeed I do,’³⁰ concluded the Englishman, looking full at Piedro, who took up his unsold basket of fish, looking somewhat silly, and gloomily walked off.

Arthur, the English servant, was as good as his word. He dealt constantly with Francisco, and proved an excellent customer, buying from him during the whole season as much fruit as his master wanted. His master, who was an Englishman of distinction, was invited to take up his residence, during his stay in Italy, at the Count de F.'s villa, which was in the environs of Naples—an easy walk from Resina. Francisco had the pleasure of seeing his father's vineyard often full of generous visitors, and Arthur, 10 who had circulated the anecdote of the bruised melon, was, he said, 'proud to think that some of this was his doing, and that an Englishman never forgot a good turn, be it from a countryman or foreigner.'

'My dear boy,' said Francisco's father to him, whilst Arthur was in the vineyard helping to tend the vines, 'I am to thank you and your honesty, it seems, for our having our hands so full of business this season. It is fair you should have a share of our profits.'

'So I have, father, enough and enough, when I see you 20 and mother going on so well. What can I want more?'

'Oh, my brave boy, we know you are a grateful, good son; but I have been your age myself; you have companions, you have little expenses of your own. Here; this vine, this fig-tree, and a melon a week next summer shall be yours. With these make a fine figure amongst the little Neapolitan merchants; and all I wish is that you may prosper as well, and by the same honest means, in managing for yourself, as you have done managing for me.'

'Thank you, father; and if I prosper at all, it shall 30 be by those means, and no other, or I should not be worthy to be called your son.'

Piedro the cunning did not make quite so successful a summer's work as did Francisco the honest. No extra-

ordinary events happened, no singular instance of bad or good luck occurred; but he felt, as persons usually do, the natural consequences of his own actions. He pursued his scheme of imposing, as far as he could, upon every person he dealt with; and the consequence was, that at last nobody would deal with him.

‘It is easy to outwit one person, but impossible to outwit all the world,’ said a man who knew the world at least as well as either Piedro or his father.

Piedro’s father, amongst others, had reason to complain. 10 He saw his own customers fall off from him, and was told, whenever he went into the market, that his son was such a cheat there was no dealing with him. One day, when he was returning from the market in a very bad humour, in consequence of these reproaches, and of his not having found customers for his goods, he espied his *smart* son Piedro at a little merchant’s fruit-board, devouring a fine gourd with prodigious greediness. ‘Where, glutton, do you find money to pay for these dainties?’ exclaimed his father, coming close up to him, with angry gestures. 20 Piedro’s mouth was much too full to make an immediate reply, nor did his father wait for any, but darting his hand in the youth’s pocket, pulled forth a handful of silver.

‘The money, father,’ said Piedro, ‘that I got for the fish yesterday, and that I meant to give you to-day, before you went out.’

‘Then I’ll make you remember it against another time!’ said his father. ‘I’ll teach you to fill your stomach with my money. Am I to loose my customers by your tricks, and then find you here eating my all? You are a rogue, 30 and everybody has found you out to be a rogue; and the worst of rogues I find you, who scruples not to cheat his own father.’

Saying these words, with great vehemence he seized hold of Piedro, and in the very midst of the little fruit-market gave him a severe beating. This beating did the boy no good; it was vengeance not punishment. Piedro saw that his father was in a passion, and knew that he was beaten because he was found out to be a rogue, rather than for being one. He recollected perfectly that his father once said to him: 'Let everyone take care of his own grapes.'

10 Indeed it is scarcely reasonable to expect that a boy who had been educated to think that he might cheat every customer he could in the way of trade, should be afterwards scrupulously honest in his conduct towards the father whose proverbs encouraged his childhood in cunning.

Piedro writhed with bodily pain as he left the market after his drubbing, but his mind was not in the least amended. On the contrary, he was hardened to the sense of shame by the loss of reputation. All the little merchants were spectators of this scene, and heard his father's words:
20 'You *are* a rogue, and the worst of rogues, who scruples not to cheat his own father.'

These words were long remembered, and long did Piedro feel their effects. He once flattered himself that, when his trade of selling fish failed him, he could readily engage in some other; but he now found, to his mortification, that what Francisco's father said proved true: 'In all trades the best fortune to set up with is a good character.'

Not one of the little Neapolitan merchants would either enter into partnership with him, give him credit, or even
30 trade with him for ready money.—'If you would cheat your own father, to be sure you will cheat us,' was continually said to him by these prudent little people.

Piedro was taunted and treated with contempt at home

and abroad. His father, when he found that his son's *smartness* was no longer useful in making bargains, shoved him out of his way whenever he met him. All the food or clothes that he had at home seemed to be given to him grudgingly, and with such expressions as these: 'Take that; but it is too good for you. You must eat this, now, instead of gourds and figs—and be thankful you have even this.'

Piedro spent a whole winter very unhappily. He expected that all his old tricks, and especially what his father 10 had said of him in the market-place, would be soon forgotten; but month passed after month, and still these things were fresh in the memory of all who had known them.

It is not easy to get rid of a bad character. A very great rogue was once heard to say, that he would, with all his heart, give ten thousand pounds for a good character, because he knew that he could make twenty thousand by it.

Something like this was the sentiment of our cunning hero when he experienced the evils of a bad reputation, 20 and when he saw the numerous advantages which Francisco's good character procured. Such had been Piedro's wretched education, that even the hard lessons of experience could not alter its pernicious effects. He was sorry his knavery had been detected, but he still thought it clever to cheat, and was secretly persuaded that, if he had cheated successfully, he should have been happy. 'But I know I am not happy now,' said he to himself one morning, as he sat alone disconsolate by the sea-shore, dressed in tattered garments, weak and hungry, with an empty basket beside him. His 30 fishing-rod, which he held between his knees, bent over the dry sands instead of into the water, for he was not thinking of what he was about; his arms were folded, his head hung

down, and his ragged hat was slouched over his face. He was a melancholy spectacle.

Francisco, as he was coming from his father's vineyard with a large dish of purple and white grapes upon his head, and a basket of melons and figs hanging upon his arm, chanced to see Piedro seated in this melancholy posture. Touched with compassion, Francisco approached him softly; his footsteps were not heard upon the sands, and Piedro did not perceive that anyone was near him till he felt some-
 10 thing cold touch his hand; he then started, and, looking up, saw a bunch of ripe grapes, which Francisco was holding over his head.

'Eat them: you'll find them very good, I hope,' said Francisco, with a benevolent smile.

'They are excellent—most excellent, and I am much obliged to you, Francisco,' said Piedro. 'I was very hungry, and that's what I am now, without anybody's caring anything about it. I am not the favourite I was with my father, but I know it is all my own fault.'

20 'Well, but cheer up,' said Francisco; 'my father always says, "One who knows he has been in fault, and acknowledges it, will scarcely be in fault again." Yes, take as many figs as you will,' continued he; and held his basket close to Piedro, who, as he saw, cast a hungry eye upon one of the ripe figs.

'But,' said Piedro, after he had taken several, 'shall not I get you into a scrape by taking so many? Won't your father be apt to miss them?'

'Do you think I would give them to you if they were
 30 not my own?' said Francisco, with a sudden glance of indignation.

'Well, don't be angry that I asked the question; it was only from fear of getting you into disgrace that I asked it.'

'It would not be easy for anybody to do that, I hope,' said Francisco, rather proudly.

'And to me less than anybody,' replied Pedro, in an insinuating tone, 'I, that am so much obliged to you!'

'A bunch of grapes, and a few figs, are no mighty obligation,' said Francisco, smiling; 'I wish I could do more for you. You seem, indeed, to have been very unhappy of late. We never see you in the markets as we used to do.'

'No; ever since my father beat me, and called me rogue 10 before all the children there, I have never been able to show my face without being giped at by one or t'other. If you would but take me along with you amongst them, and only just *seem* my friend for a day or two, or so, it would quite set me up again; for they all like you.'

'I would rather *be* than *seem* your friend, if I could,' said Francisco.

'Ay, to be sure; that would be still better,' said Pedro, observing that Francisco, as he uttered his last sentence, was separating the grapes and other fruits into two equal 20 divisions. 'To be sure I would rather you would *be* than *seem* a friend to me; but I thought that was too much to ask at first, though I have a notion, notwithstanding I have been so *unlucky* lately—I have a notion you would have no reason to repent of it. You would find me no bad hand, if you were to try, and take me into partnership.'

'Partnership!' interrupted Francisco, drawing back alarmed; 'I had no thoughts of that.'

'But won't you? can't you?' said Pedro, in a suppleting tone; '*can't* you have thoughts of it? You'd find 30 me a very active partner.'

Francisco still drew back, and kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was embarrassed; for he pitied Pedro,

and he scarcely knew how to point out to him that something more is necessary in a partner in trade besides activity, and that is honesty.

'Can't you?' repeated Piedro, thinking that he hesitated from merely mercenary motives. 'You shall have what share of the profits you please.'

'I was not thinking of the profits,' said Francisco; 'but without meaning to be ill-natured to you, Piedro, I must say that I cannot enter into any partnership with you at 10 present; but I will do what, perhaps, you will like as well,' said he, taking half the fruit out of his basket; 'you are heartily welcome to this; try and sell it in the children's fruit market. I'll go on before you, and speak to those I am acquainted with, and tell them you are going to set up a new character, and that you hope to make it a good one.'

'Hey, shall I! Thank you for ever, dear Francisco,' cried Piedro, seizing his plentiful gift of fruit. 'Say what you please for me.'

'But don't make me say anything that is not true,' said 20 Francisco, pausing.

'No, to be sure not,' said Piedro; 'I *do* mean to give no room for scandal. If I could get them to trust me as they do you, I should be happy indeed.'

'That is what you may do, if you please,' said Francisco. 'Adieu, I wish you well with all my heart; but I must leave you now, or I shall be too late for the market.'

CHAPTER II.

Chi va piano va sano, e anche lontano.

Fair and softly goes far in a day.

PIEDRO had now an opportunity of establishing a good 30 character. When he went into the market with his grapes

and figs, he found that he was not shunned or taunted as usual. All seemed disposed to believe in his intended reformation, and to give him a fair trial.

These favourable dispositions towards him were the consequence of Francisco's benevolent representations. He told them that he thought Pedro had suffered enough to cure him of his tricks, and that it would be cruelty in them, because he might once have been in fault, to banish him by their reproaches from amongst them, and thus to prevent him from the means of gaining his livelihood honestly. 10

Pedro made a good beginning, and gave what several of the younger customers thought excellent bargains. His grapes and figs were quickly sold, and with the money that he got for them he the next day purchased from a fruit dealer a fresh supply; and thus he went on for some time, conducting himself with scrupulous honesty, so that he acquired some credit among his companions. They no longer watched him with suspicious eyes. They trusted to his measures and weights, and they counted less carefully the change which they received from him. 20

The satisfaction he felt from this alteration in their manners was at first delightful to Pedro; but in proportion to his credit, his opportunities of defrauding increased; and these became temptations which he had not the firmness to resist. His old manner of thinking recurred.

'I make but a few shillings a day, and this is but slow work,' said he to himself. 'What signifies my good character, if I make so little by it?'

Light gains, and frequent, make a heavy purse, was one of Francisco's proverbs. But Pedro was in too great haste 30 to get rich to take time into his account. He set his invention to work, and he did not want for ingenuity, to devise means of cheating without running the risk of detection.

He observed that the younger part of the community were extremely fond of certain coloured sugar plums, and of burnt almonds.

With the money he had earned by two months' trading in fruit he laid in a large stock of what appeared to these little merchants a stock of almonds and sugar-plums, and he painted in capital gold coloured letters upon his board, 'Sweetest, largest, most admirable sugar-plums of all colours ever sold in Naples, to be had here; and in grati-
10 tude to his numerous customers, Piedro adds to these, "Burnt almonds gratis."'

This advertisement attracted the attention of all who could read; and many who could not read heard it repeated with delight. Crowds of children surrounded Piedro's board of promise, and they all went away the first day amply satisfied. Each had a full measure of coloured sugar-plums at the usual price, and along with these a burnt almond gratis. The burnt almond had such an effect upon the public judgment, that it was universally allowed
20 that the sugar-plums were, as the advertisement set forth, the largest, sweetest, most admirable ever sold in Naples; though all the time they were, in no respect, better than any other sugar-plums.

It was generally reported that Piedro gave full measure—fuller than any other board in the city. He measured the sugar-plums in a little cubical tin box; and this, it was affirmed, he heaped up to the top, and pressed down before he poured out the contents into the open hands of his approving customers. This belief, and Piedro's popularity,
30 continued longer even than he had expected; and, as he thought his sugar-plums had secured their reputation with the generous public, he gradually neglected to add burnt almonds gratis.

One day a boy of about ten years old passed carelessly by, whistling as he went along, and swinging a carpenter's rule in his hand. 'Ha! what have we here?' cried he, stopping to read what was written on Piedro's board. 'This promises rarely. Old as I am, and tall of my age, which makes the matter worse, I am still as fond of sugar-plums as my little sister, who is five years younger than I. Come, Signor, fill me quick, for I'm in haste to taste them, two measures of the sweetest, largest, most admirable sugar-plums in Naples—one measure for myself and one for 10 my little Rosetta.'

'You'll pay for yourself and your sister, then,' said Piedro, 'for no credit is given here.'

'No credit do I ask,' replied the lively boy; 'when I told you I loved sugar-plums, did I tell you I loved them, or even my sister, so well as to run in debt for them? Here's for myself, and here's for my sister's share,' said he, laying down his money; 'and now for the burnt almonds gratis, my good fellow.'

'They are all out; I have been out of burnt almonds 20 this great while,' said Piedro.

'Then why are they in your advertisement here?' said Carlo.

'I have not had time to scratch them out of the board.'

'What! not when you have, by your own account, been out of them a great while? I did not know it required so much time to blot out a few words—let us try'; and as he spoke, Carlo, for that was the name of Piedro's new customer, pulled a bit of white chalk out of his pocket, and drew a broad score across the line on the board which promised burnt almonds gratis.

'You are most impatient,' said Piedro; 'I shall have a fresh stock of almonds to-morrow.' 'Why must the board

tell a lie to-day?' 'It would ruin me to alter it,' said Pedro. 'A lie may ruin you, but I could scarcely think the truth could.' 'You have no right to meddle with me or my board,' said Pedro, put off his guard, and out of his usual soft voice of civility, by this last observation. 'My character, and that of my board, are too firmly established now for any chance customer like you to injure.' 'I never dreamed of injuring you or anyone else,' said Carlo—'I wish, moreover, you may not injure yourself. Do as you
10 please with your board, but give me my sugar-plums, for I have some right to meddle with those, having paid for them.' 'Hold out your hand, then.' 'No, put them in here, if you please; put my sister's, at least, in here; she likes to have them in this box: I bought some for her in it yesterday, and she'll think they'll taste the better out of the same box. But how is this? your measure does not fill my box nearly; you give us very few sugar-plums for our money.' 'I give you full measure, as I give to everybody.' 'The measure should be an inch cube, I know,'
20 said Carlo; 'that's what all the little merchants have agreed to, you know.' 'True,' said Pedro, 'so it is.' 'And so it is, I must allow,' said Carlo, measuring the outside of it with the carpenter's rule which he held in his hand. 'An inch every way; and yet by my eye—and I have no bad one, being used to measuring carpenter's work for my father—by my eye I should think this would have held more sugar-plums.' 'The eye often deceives us,' said Pedro. 'There's nothing like measuring, you find.' 'There's nothing like measuring, I find, indeed,' replied Carlo, as he
30 looked closely at the end of his rule, which, since he spoke last, he had put into the tin cube to take its depth in the inside. 'This is not as deep by a quarter of an inch, Signor Pedro, measured within as it is measured without.'

Piedro changed colour terribly, and seizing hold of the tin box, endeavoured to wrest it from the youth who measured so accurately. Carlo held his prize fast, and lifting it above his head, he ran into the midst of the square where the little market was held, exclaiming, 'A discovery! a discovery! that concerns all who love sugar-plums. A discovery! a discovery! that concerns all who have ever bought the sweetest, largest and most admirable sugar-plums ever sold in Naples.'

The crowd gathered from all parts of the square as he 10 spoke.

'We have bought,' and 'We have bought of those sugar-plums,' cried several little voices at once, 'if you mean Piedro's.'

'The same,' continued Carlo—'he who, out of gratitude to his numerous customers, gives, or promises to give, burnt almonds gratis.'

'Excellent they were!' cried several voices. 'We all know Piedro well; but what's your discovery?'

'My discovery is,' said Carlo, 'that you, none of you, 20 know Piedro. Look you here; look at this box—this is his measure; it has a false bottom—it holds only three-quarters as much as it ought to do; and his numerous customers have all been cheated of one-quarter of every measure of the admirable sugar-plums they have bought from him. "Think twice of a good bargain," says the proverb.'

'So we have been finely duped, indeed,' cried some of the bystanders, looking at one another with a mortified air. Full of courtesy, full of craft! 'So, this is the meaning of his burnt almonds gratis,' cried others; all joined in an uproar of indignation, except one, who, as he stood behind the rest, expressed in his countenance silent surprise and and sorrow.

'Is this Pedro a relation of yours?' said Carlo, going up to this silent person. 'I am sorry, if he be, that I have published his disgrace, for I would not hurt *you*. You don't sell sugar-plums as he does, I'm sure; for my little sister Rosetta has often bought from you. Can this Pedro be a friend of yours?'

'I wished to have been his friend; but I see I can't,' said Francisco. 'He is a neighbour of ours; and I pitied him; but since he is at his own old tricks again, there's an end 10 of the matter. I have reason to be obliged to you, for I was nearly taken in. He has behaved so well for some time past, that I intended this very evening to have gone to him, and to have told him that I was willing to do for him what he has long begged of me to do—to enter into partnership with him.'

'Francisco! Francisco!—your measure, lend us your measure!' exclaimed a number of little merchants crowding round him. 'You have a measure for sugar-plums; and we have all agreed to refer to that, and to see how much 20 we have been cheated before we go to break Pedro's bench and declare him bankrupt—the punishment for all knaves.'

They pressed on to Francisco's board, obtained his measure, found that it held something more than a quarter above the quantity that could be contained in Pedro's. The cries of the enraged populace were now most clamorous. They hung the just and the unjust measures upon high poles; and, forming themselves into a formidable phalanx, they proceeded towards Pedro's well-known yellow lettered board, exclaiming, as they went along, 30 'Common cause! common cause! The little Neapolitan merchants will have no knaves amongst them! Break his bench! break his bench! He is a bankrupt in honesty.'

Pedro saw the mob, heard the indignant clamour, and,

terrified at the approach of numbers, he fled with the utmost precipitation, having scarcely time to pack up half his sugar-plums. There was a prodigious number, more than would have filled many honest measures, scattered upon the ground and trampled under foot by the crowd. Piedro's bench was broken, and the public vengeance wreaked itself also upon his treacherous painted board. It was, after being much disfigured by various inscriptions expressive of the universal contempt for Piedro, hung up in a conspicuous part of the market-place; and the false 10 measure was fastened like a cap upon one of its corners. Piedro could never more show his face in this market, and all hopes of friendship—all hopes of partnership with Francisco—were for ever at an end.

If rogues would calculate, they would cease to be rogues; for they would certainly discover that it is most for their interest to be honest—setting aside the pleasure of being esteemed and beloved, of having a safe conscience, with perfect freedom from all the various embarrassments and terror to which knaves are subject. Is it not clear that our 20 crafty hero would have gained rather more by a partnership with Francisco, and by a fair character, than he could possibly obtain by fraudulent dealing in comfits?

When the mob had dispersed, after satisfying themselves with executing summary justice upon Piedro's bench and board, Francisco found a carpenter's rule lying upon the ground near Piedro's broken bench, which he recollected to have seen in the hands of Carlo. He examined it carefully, and he found Carlo's name written upon it, and the name of the street where he lived; and though it was consider- 30 ably out of his way, he set out immediately to restore the rule, which was a very handsome one, to its rightful owner. After a hot walk through several streets, he overtook

Carlo, who had just reached the door of his own house. Carlo was particularly obliged to him, he said, for restoring this rule to him, as it was a present from the master of a vessel, who employed his father to do carpenter's work for him. 'One should not praise one's self, they say,' continued Carlo; 'but I long so much to gain your good opinion, that I must tell you the whole history of the rule you have restored. It was given to me for having measured the work and made up the bill of a whole pleasure-boat
 10 myself. You may guess I should have been sorry enough to have lost it. Thank you for its being once more in my careless hands, and tell me, I beg, whenever I can do you any service. By-the-by, I can make up for you a fruit stall. I'll do it to-morrow, and it shall be the admiration of the market. Is there anything else you could think of for me?'

'Why, yes,' said Francisco; 'since you are so good-natured, perhaps you'd be kind enough to tell me the meaning of some of those lines and figures that I see
 20 upon your rule. I have a great curiosity to know their use.'

'That I'll explain to you with pleasure, as far as I know them myself; but when I'm at fault, my father, who is cleverer than I am, and understands trigonometry, can help us out.'

'Trigonometry!' repeated Francisco, not a little alarmed at the high sounding word; 'that's what I certainly shall never understand.'

'Oh, never fear,' replied Carlo, laughing. 'I looked just
 30 as you do now—I felt just as you do now—all in a fright and a puzzle, when I first heard of angles and sines, and co-sines, and arcs and centres, and complements and tangents.'

'Oh, mercy ! mercy !' interrupted Francisco, whilst Carlo laughed, with a benevolent sense of superiority.

'Why,' said Carlo, 'you'll find all these things are nothing when you are used to them. But I cannot explain my rule to you here broiling in the sun. Besides, it will not be the work of a day, I promise you ; but come and see us at your leisure hours, and we'll study it together. I have a great notion we shall become friends ; and, to begin, step in with me now,' said Carlo, 'and eat a little macaroni with us. I know it is ready by this time. Besides, you'll see 10 my father, and he'll show you plenty of rules and compasses, as you like such things ; and then I'll go home with you in the cool of the evening, and you shall show me your melons and vines, and teach me, in time, something of gardening. Oh, I see we must be good friends, just made for each other ; so come in—no ceremony.

Carlo was not mistaken in his predictions ; he and Francisco became very good friends, spent all their leisure hours together, either in Carlo's workshop or in Francisco's vineyard, and they mutually improved each other. Francisco, before he saw his friend's rule, knew but just enough of arithmetic to calculate in his head the price of the fruit which he sold in the market ; but with Carlo's assistance, and the ambition to understand the tables and figures upon the wonderful rule, he set to work in earnest, and in due time, satisfied both himself and his master.

'Who knows but these things' that I am learning now may be of some use to me before I die?' said Francisco, as he was sitting one morning with his tutor, the carpenter.

'To be sure it will,' said the carpenter, putting down his 20 compasses, with which he was drawing a circle—'Arithmetic is a most useful, and I was going to say necessary thing to be known by men in all stations ; and a little

trigonometry does no harm. In short, my maxim is, that no knowledge comes amiss; for a man's head is of as much use to him as his hands; and even more so.

"A word to the wise will always suffice."

'Besides, to say nothing of making a fortune, is not there a great pleasure in being something of a scholar, and being able to pass one's time with one's book, and one's compasses and pencil? Safe companions these for young and old. No one gets into mischief that has pleasant things to think of and to do when alone; and I know, for my part, that trigonometry is——'

Here the carpenter, just as he was going to pronounce a fresh panegyric upon his favourite trigonometry, was interrupted by the sudden entrance of his little daughter Rosetta, all in tears: a very unusual spectacle, for, taking the year round, she shed fewer tears than any child of her age in Naples.

'Why, my dear good humoured little Rosetta, what has happened? Why these large tears?' said her brother Carlo, and he went up to her, and wiped them from her cheeks. 'And these that are going over the bridge of the nose so fast? I must stop these tears, too,' said Carlo.

Rosetta, at this speech, burst out laughing, and said that she did not know till then that she had any bridge on her nose.

'And were these shells the cause of the tears?' said her brother, looking at a heap of shells, which she held before her in her frock.

'Yes, partly,' said Rosetta. 'It was partly my own fault, but not all. You know I went out to the carpenter's yard, near the arsenal, where all the children are picking up chips and sticks so busily; and I was as busy as any of

them, because I wanted to fill my basket soon; and then I thought I should sell my basketful directly in the little wood-market. As soon as I had filled my basket, and made up my faggot (which was not done, brother, till I was almost baked by the sun, for I was forced to wait by the carpenters for the bits of wood to make up my faggot)—I say, when it was all ready, and my basket full, I left it all together in the yard.' 'That was not wise to leave it,' said Carlo. 'But I only left it for a few minutes, brother, and I could not think anybody would be so dishonest as to 10 take it whilst I was away. I only just ran to tell a boy, who had picked up all these beautiful shells upon the sea-shore, and who wanted to sell them, that I should be glad to buy them from him, if he would only be so good as to keep them for me, for an hour or so, till I had carried my wood to market, and till I had sold it, and so had money to pay him for the shells.'

'Your heart was set mightily on these shells, Rosetta.'

'Yes; for I thought you and Francisco, brother, would like to have them for your nice grotto that you are making 20 at Resina. That was the reason I was in such a hurry to get them. The boy who had them to sell was very good-natured; he poured them into my lap, and said I had such an honest face he would trust me, and that as he was in a great hurry, he could not wait an hour whilst I sold my wood; but that he was sure I would pay him in the evening, and he told me that he would call here this evening for the money. But now what shall I do, Carlo? I shall have no money to give him: I must give him back his shells, and that's a great pity.'

30

'But how happened it that you did not sell your wood?'

'Oh, I forgot; did not I tell you that? When I went back for my basket, do you know it was empty, quite

empty, not a chip left? Some dishonest person had carried it all off. Had not I reason to cry now, Carlo?’

‘I’ll go this minute into the wood market, and see if I can find your faggot. Won’t that be better than crying?’ said her brother. ‘Should you know anyone of your pieces of wood again if you were to see them?’

‘Yes, one of them, I am sure, I should know again,’ said Rosetta. ‘It had a notch at one end of it, where one of the carpenters cut it off from another piece of wood for me.’

10 ‘And is this piece of wood from which the carpenter cut it still to be seen?’ said Francisco. ‘Yes, it is in the yard: but I cannot bring it to you, for it is very heavy.’

‘We can go to it,’ said Francisco, ‘and I hope we shall recover your basketful.’

Carlo and his friend went with Rosetta immediately to the yard, near the arsenal, saw the notched piece of wood, and then proceeded to the little wood-market, and searched every heap that lay before the little factors; but no notched bit was to be found, and Rosetta declared that she
20 did not see one stick that looked at all like any of hers.

On their part, her companions eagerly untied their faggots to show them to her, and exclaimed, ‘that they were incapable of taking what did not belong to them; that of all persons they should never have thought of taking anything from the good-natured little Rosetta, who was always ready to give to others, and to help them in making up their loads.’

Despairing of discovering the thief, Francisco and Carlo left the market. As they were returning home, they were
30 met by the English servant Arthur, who asked Francisco where he had been, and where he was going.

As soon as he heard of Rosetta’s lost faggot, and of the bit of wood, notched at one end, of which Rosetta drew the

shape with a piece of chalk, which her brother had lent her, Arthur exclaimed, 'I have seen such a bit of wood as this within this quarter of an hour ; but I cannot recollect where. Stay! this was at the baker's, I think, where I went for some rolls for my master. It was lying beside his oven.'

To the baker's they all went as fast as possible, and they got there but just in time. The baker had in his hand the bit of wood with which he was that instant going to feed his oven.

'Stop, good Mr. Baker!' cried Rosetta, who ran into 10 the baker's shop first; and as he heard 'Stop! stop!' re-echoed by many voices, the baker stopped; and turning to Francisco, Carlo and Arthur, begged, with a countenance of some surprise, to know why they had desired him to stop.

The case was easily explained, and the baker told them that he did not buy any wood in the little market that morning; that this faggot he had purchased between the hours of twelve and one from a lad about Francisco's height, whom he met near the yard of the arsenal. 20

'This is my bit of wood, I am sure; I know it by this notch,' said Rosetta.

'Well,' said the baker, 'if you will stay here a few minutes, you will probably see the lad who sold it to me. He desired to be paid in bread, and my bread was not quite baked when he was here. I bid him call again in an hour, and I fancy he will be pretty punctual, for he looked desperately hungry.'

The baker had scarcely finished speaking when Francisco, who was standing watching at the door, exclaimed, 'Here 30 comes Piedro! I hope he is not the boy who sold you the wood, Mr. Baker?' 'He is the boy, though,' replied the baker, and Piedro, who now entered the shop, started at

the sight of Carlo and Francisco, whom he had never seen since the day of disgrace in the fruit-market.

'Your servant, Signor Piedro,' said Carlo; 'I have the honour to tell you that this piece of wood, and all that you took out of the basket, which you found in the yard of the arsenal, belongs to my sister.' 'Yes, indeed,' cried Rosetta.

Piedro being very certain that nobody saw him when he emptied Rosetta's basket, and imagining that he was suspected only upon the bare assertion of a child like Rosetta, who might be baffled and frightened out of her story, boldly denied the charge, and defied any one to prove him guilty.

'He has a right to be heard in his own defence,' said Arthur, with the cool justice of an Englishman; and he stopped the angry Carlo's arm, who was going up to the culprit with all the Italian vehemence of oratory and gesture. Arthur went on to say something in bad Italian about the excellence of an English trial by jury, which Carlo was too much enraged to hear, but to which Francisco 20 paid attention, and turning to Piedro, he asked him if he was willing to be judged by twelve of his equals? 'With all my heart,' said Piedro, still maintaining an unmoved countenance, and they returned immediately to the little wood-market. On their way, they had passed through the fruit-market, and crowds of those who were well acquainted with Piedro's former transactions followed, to hear the event of the present trial.

Arthur could not, especially as he spoke wretched Italian, make the eager little merchants understand the nature and 30 advantages of an English trial by jury. They preferred their own summary mode of proceeding. Francisco, in whose integrity all had perfect confidence, was chosen with unanimous shouts for the judge; but he declined the office,

and another was appointed. He was raised upon a bench, and the guilty but insolent looking Piedro, and the ingenuous, modest Rosetta stood before him. She made her complaint in a very artless manner; and Piedro, with ingenuity, which in a better cause would have deserved admiration, spoke volubly and craftily in his own defence. But all that he could say could not alter facts. The judge compared the notched bit of wood found at the baker's with a piece from which it was cut, which he went to see in the yard of the arsenal. It was found to fit exactly. The 10 judge then found it impossible to restrain the loud indignation of all the spectators. The prisoner was sentenced never more to sell wood in the market; and the moment sentence was pronounced, Piedro was hissed and hooted out of the market-place. Thus a third time he deprived himself of the means of earning his bread.

We shall not dwell upon all his petty methods of cheating in the trades he next attempted. He handed lemonade about in a part of Naples where he was not known, but he lost his customers by putting too much water and too little 20 lemon into this beverage. He then took to the waters from the sulphurous springs, and served them about to foreigners; but one day, as he was trying to jostle a competitor from the coach door, he slipped his foot, and broke his glasses. They had been borrowed from an old woman, who hired out glasses to the boys who sold lemonade. Piedro knew that it was the custom to pay, of course, for all that was broken; but this he was not inclined to do. He had a few shillings in his pocket, and thought that it would be very clever to defraud this poor woman of her 30 right, and to spend his shillings upon what he valued much more than he did his good name—macaroni. The shillings were soon gone.

We shall now for the present leave Piedro to his follies and his fate; or, to speak more properly, to his follies and their inevitable consequences.

Francisco was all this time acquiring knowledge from his new friends, without neglecting his own or his father's business. He contrived, during the course of autumn and winter, to make himself a tolerable arithmetician. Carlo's father could draw plans in architecture neatly; and, pleased with the eagerness Francisco showed to receive instruction, 10 he willingly put a pencil and compasses into his hand, and taught him all he knew himself. Francisco had great perseverance, and, by repeated trials, he at length succeeded in copying exactly all the plans which his master lent him. His copies, in time, surpassed the originals, and Carlo exclaimed, with astonishment: 'Why, Francisco, what an astonishing *genius* you have for drawing!—Absolutely you draw plans better than my father!'

'As to genius,' said Francisco, honestly, 'I have none. All that I have done has been done by hard labour. I 20 don't know how other people do things; but I am sure that I never have been able to get anything done well but by patience. Don't you remember, Carlo, how you and even Rosetta laughed at me the first time your father put a pencil into my awkward, clumsy hands?'

'Because,' said Carlo, laughing again at the recollection, 'you held your pencil so drolly; and when you were to cut it, you cut it just as if you were using a pruning-knife to your vines: but now it is your turn to laugh, for you surpass us all. And the times are changed since I set 30 about to explain this rule of mine to you.'

'Ay, that rule,' said Francisco—'how much I owe to it! Some great people, when they lose any of their fine things, cause the crier to promise a reward of so much money to

anyone who shall find and restore their trinket. How richly have you and your father rewarded me for returning this rule !'

Francisco's modesty and gratitude, as they were perfectly sincere, attached his friends to him most powerfully ; but there was one person who regretted our hero's frequent absences from his vineyard at Resina. Not Francisco's father, for he was well satisfied his son never neglected his business ; and as to the hours spent in Naples, he had so much confidence in Francisco that he felt no apprehensions 10 of his getting into bad company. When his son had once said to him, ' I spend my time at such a place, and in such and such a manner,' he was as well convinced of its being so as if he had watched and seen him every moment of the day. But it was Arthur who complained of Francisco's absence.

' I see, because I am an Englishman,' said he, ' you don't value my friendship, and yet that is the very reason you ought to value it ; no friends so good as the English, be it spoken without offence to your Italian friend, for whom 20 you now continually leave me to dodge up and down here in Resina, without a soul that I like to speak to, for you are the only Italian I ever liked.'

' You *shall* like another, I promise you,' said Francisco. ' You must come with me to Carlo's, and see how I spend my evenings ; then complain of me, if you can.'

It was the utmost stretch of Arthur's complaisance to pay this visit ; but, in spite of his national prejudices and habitual reserve of temper, he was pleased with the reception he met with from the generous Carlo and the playful 30 Rosetta. They showed him Francisco's drawings with enthusiastic eagerness ; and Arthur, though no great judge of drawing, was in astonishment, and frequently repeated,

'I know a gentleman who visits my master who would like these things. I wish I might have them to show him.'

'Take them, then,' said Carlo, 'I wish all Naples could see them, provided they might be liked half as well as I like them.'

Arthur carried off the drawings, and one day, when his master was better than usual, and when he was at leisure, eating a dessert of Francisco's grapes, he entered respectfully, with his little portfolio under his arm, and begged permission to show his master a few drawings done by the gardener's son, whose grapes he was eating.

Though not quite so partial a judge as the enthusiastic Carlo, this gentleman was both pleased and surprised at the sight of these drawings, considering how short a time Francisco had applied himself to this art, and what slight instructions he had received. Arthur was desired to summon the young artist. Francisco's honest, open manner, joined to the proofs he had given of his abilities, and the character Arthur gave him for strict honesty, and constant kindness to his parents, interested Mr. Lee, the name of this English gentleman, much in his favour. Mr. Lee was at this time in treaty with an Italian painter, whom he wished to engage to copy for him exactly some of the cornices, mouldings, tablets, and antique ornaments which are to be seen amongst the ruins of the ancient city of Herculeaneum.

CHAPTER III.

Tutte le gran facienze si janno di poca cosa.

What great events from trivial causes spring.

SIGNOR CAMILLO, the artist employed by Mr. Lee to copy some of the antique ornaments in Herculeaneum, was a

liberal minded man, perfectly free from that mean jealousy which would repress the efforts of rising genius.

'Here is a lad scarcely fifteen, a poor gardener's son, who, with merely the instructions he could obtain from a common carpenter, has learned to draw these plans and elevations, which you see are tolerably neat. What an advantage your instruction would be to him,' said Mr. Lee, as he introduced Francisco to Signor Camillo. 'I am interested in this lad from what I have learned of his good conduct. I hear he is strictly honest, and one of the best 10 of sons. Let us do something for him. If you will give him some knowledge of your art, I will, as far as money can recompense you for your loss of time, pay whatever you may think reasonable for his instruction.'

Signor Camillo made no difficulties; he was pleased with his pupil's appearance, and every day he liked him better and better. In the room where they worked together there were some large books of drawings and plates, which Francisco saw now and then opened by his master, and which he had a great desire to look over; but when he was 20 left in the room by himself he never touched them, because he had not permission. Signor Camillo, the first day he came into this room with his pupil, said to him, 'Here are many valuable books and drawings, young man. I trust, from the character I have heard of you, that they will be perfectly safe here.'

Some weeks after Francisco had been with the painter, they had occasion to look for the front of a temple in one of these large books. 'What! don't you know in which book to look for it, Francisco?' cried his master, with some 30 impatience. 'Is it possible that you have been here so long with these books, and that you cannot find the print I mean? Had you half the taste I gave you credit for, you

would have singled it out from all the rest, and have it fixed in your memory.'

'But, signor, I never saw it,' said Francisco, respectfully, 'or, perhaps, I should have preferred it.'

'That you never saw it, young man, is the very thing of which I complain. Is a taste for the arts to be learned, think you, by looking at the cover of a book like this? Is it possible that you never thought of opening it?'

'Often and often,' cried Francisco, 'have I longed to open it; but I thought it was forbidden me, and however great my curiosity in your absence, I have never touched them. I hoped indeed, that the time would come when you would have the goodness to show them to me.'

'And so the time is come, excellent young man,' cried Camillo; 'much as I love taste, I love integrity more. I am now sure of your having the one, and let me see whether you have, as I believe you have, the other. Sit you down here beside me; and we will look over these books together.'

The attention with which his young pupil examined everything, and the pleasure he unaffectedly expressed in seeing these excellent prints, sufficiently convinced his judicious master that it was not from the want of curiosity or taste that he had never opened these tempting volumes. His confidence in Francisco was much increased by this circumstance, slight as it may appear.

One day, Signor Camillo came behind Francisco, as he was drawing with much intentness, and tapping him upon the shoulder, he said to him: 'Put up your pencils and follow me, I can depend upon your integrity; I have
30 pledged myself for it. Bring your note-book with you, and follow me; I will this day show you something that will entertain you at least as much as my large book of prints. Follow me.'

Francisco followed, till they came to the pit near the entrance of Herculaneum. 'I have obtained leave for you to accompany me,' said his master, 'and you know, I suppose, that this is not a permission granted to everyone?' Paintings of great value, besides ornaments of gold and silver, antique bracelets, rings, etc., are from time to time found amongst these ruins, and therefore it is necessary that no person should be admitted whose honesty cannot be depended upon. Thus, even Francisco's talents could not have advanced him in the world, unless they had 10 been united to integrity. He was much delighted and astonished by the new scene that was now opened to his view; and as, day after day, he accompanied his master to this subterraneous city, he had leisure for observation. He was employed, as soon as he had gratified his curiosity, in drawing. There are niches in the walls in several places, from which pictures have been dug, and these niches are often adorned with elegant masques, figures and animals, which have been left by the ignorant or careless workmen, and which are going fast to destruction. Signor Camillo, 20 who was copying these for his English employer, had a mind to try his pupil's skill, and, pointing to a niche bordered with grotesque figures, he desired him to try if he could make any hand of it. Francisco made several trials, and at last finished such an excellent copy, that his enthusiastic and generous master, with warm encomiums, carried it immediately to his patron, and he had the pleasure to receive from Mr. Lee a purse containing five guineas, as a reward and encouragement for his pupil.

Francisco had no sooner received this money than he 30 hurried home to his father and mother's cottage. His mother, some months before this time, had taken a small dairy farm; and her son had once heard her express a wish

that she was but rich enough to purchase a remarkably fine brindled cow, which belonged to a farmer in the neighbourhood.

'Here, my dear mother,' cried Francisco, pouring the guineas into her lap; 'and here,' continued he, emptying a bag, which contained about as much more, in small Italian coins, the profits of trade-money he had fairly earned during the two years he sold fruit amongst the little Neapolitan merchants; 'this is all yours, dearest mother, and I hope it will be enough to pay for the brindled cow. Nay, you must not refuse me—I have set my heart upon the cow being milked by you this very evening; and I'll produce my best bunches of grapes, and my father, perhaps, will give us a melon; for I've had no time for melons this season; and I'll step to Naples and invite—may I, mother?—my good friends, dear Carlo and your favourite little Rosetta, and my old drawing master, and my friend Arthur, and we'll sup with you at your dairy.'

The happy mother thanked her son, and the father 10 assured him that neither melon nor pine-apple should be spared, to make a supper worthy of his friends.

The brindled cow was bought, and Arthur and Carlo and Rosetta most joyfully accepted their invitation.

The carpenter had unluckily appointed to settle a long account that day with one of his employers, and he could not accompany his children. It was a delicious evening; they left Naples just as the sea-breeze, after the heats of the day, was most refreshingly felt. The walk to Resina, the vineyard, the dairy, and most of all, the brindled cow, 30 were praised by Carlo and Rosetta, 'with all the Italian superlatives which signify, 'Most beautiful! most delightful! most charming!' Whilst the English Arthur, with as warm a heart, was more temperate in his praise, declaring

that this was 'the most like an English summer's evening of any he had ever felt since he came to Italy: and that, moreover, the cream was almost as good as what he had been used to drink in Cheshire.' The company, who were all pleased with each other, and with the gardener's good fruit, which he produced in great abundance, did not think of separating till late.

It was a bright moonlight night, and Carlo asked his friend if he would walk with them part of the way to Naples. 'Yes, all the way most willingly,' cried Francisco, 10 'that I may have the pleasure of giving to your father, with my own hands, this fine bunch of grapes, that I have reserved for him out of my own share.' 'Add this fine pine-apple for my share, then,' said his father, 'and a pleasant walk to you, my young friends.'

They proceeded gaily along, and when they reached Naples, as they passed through the square where the little merchants held their market, Francisco pointed to the spot where he found Carlo's rule. He never missed an opportunity of showing his friends that he did not forget their 20 former kindness to him. 'That rule,' said he, 'has been the cause of all my present happiness, and I thank you for——'

'O, never mind thanking him now,' interrupted Rosetta, 'but look yonder, and tell me what all those people are about.' She pointed to a group of men, women and children, who were assembled under a piazza, listening in various attitudes of attention to a man, who was standing upon a flight of steps, speaking in a loud voice, and with much action, to the people who surrounded him. Francisco, Carlo and Rosetta joined his audience. The moon 30 shone full upon his countenance, which was very expressive and which varied frequently according to the characters of the persons whose history he was telling,

and according to all the changes of their fortunes. This man was one of those who are called Improvisatori—persons who, in Italian towns, go about reciting verses or telling stories, which they are supposed to invent as they go on speaking. Some of these people speak with great fluency, and collect crowds round them in the public streets. When an Improvisatore sees the attention of his audience fixed, and when he comes to some very interesting part of his narrative, he dexterously drops his hat 10 upon the ground, and pauses till his auditors have paid tribute to his eloquence. When he thinks the hat sufficiently full, he takes it up again, and proceeds with his story. The hat was dropped just as Francisco and his two friends came under the piazza. The orator had finished one story, and was going to commence another. He fixed his eyes upon Francisco, then glanced at Carlo and Rosetta, and after a moment's consideration he began a story which bore some resemblance to one that our young English readers may, perhaps, know by the name 20 of 'Cornaro, or the Grateful Turk.'

Francisco was deeply interested in this narrative, and when the hat was dropped he eagerly threw in his contribution. At the end of the story, when the speaker's voice stopped, there was a momentary silence, which was broken by the orator himself, who exclaimed, as he took up the hat which lay at his feet, 'My friends, here is some mistake! this is not my hat; it has been changed whilst I was taken up with my story. Pray, gentlemen, find my hat amongst you; it was a remarkably good one, 30 a present from a nobleman for an epigram I made. I would not lose my hat for twice its value. It has my name written withinside of it, Dominicho, Improvisatore. Pray, gentlemen, examine your hats.'

Everybody present examined their hats, and showed them to Dominicho, but his was not amongst them. No one had left the company; the piazza was cleared, and searched in vain. 'The hat has vanished by magic,' said Dominicho. 'Yes, and by the same magic a statue moves,' cried Carlo, pointing to a figure standing in a niche, which had hitherto escaped observation. The face was so much in the shade that Carlo did not at first perceive that the statue was Pietro. Pietro, when he saw himself discovered, burst into a loud laugh, and throwing down 10 Dominicho's hat, which he held in his hand behind him, cried, 'A pretty set of novices! Most excellent players at hide-and-seek you would make.'

Whether Pietro really meant to have carried off the poor man's hat, or whether he was, as he said, merely in jest, we leave it to those who know his general character to decide.

Carlo shook his head. 'Still at your old tricks, Pietro,' said he. 'Remember the old proverb: No fox so cunning but he comes to the furrier's at last.'

20

'I defy the furrier and you, too,' replied Pietro, taking up his own ragged hat. 'I have no need to steal hats; I can afford to buy better than you'll have upon your head. Francisco, a word with you, if you have done crying at the pitiful story you have been listening to so attentively.'

'And what would you say to me?' said Francisco, following him a few steps. 'Do not detain me long, because my friends will wait for me.'

'If they are friends, they can wait,' said Pietro. 'You 30 need not be ashamed of being seen in my company now, I can tell you; for I am, as I always told you I should be, the richest man of the two.'

'Rich! you rich!' cried Francisco. 'Well, then, it was impossible you could mean to trick that poor man out of his good hat.'

'Impossible!' said Pedro. Francisco did not consider that those who had habits of pilfering continue to practise them often, when the poverty which first tempted them to dishonesty ceases. 'Impossible! You stare when I tell you I am rich; but the thing is so. Moreover, I am well with my father at home. I have friends in Naples, and I
10 call myself Pedro the Lucky. Look you here,' said he, producing an old gold coin. 'This does not smell of fish, does it? My father is no longer a fisherman, nor I either. Neither do I sell sugar-plums to children; nor do I slave myself in a vineyard, like some folks; but fortune, when I least expected it, has stood my friend. I have many pieces of gold like this. Digging in my father's garden, it was my luck to come to an old Roman vessel full of gold. I have this day agreed for a house in Naples for my father. We shall live, whilst we can afford it, like great folks, you
20 will see; and I shall enjoy the envy that will be felt by some of my old friends, the little Neapolitan merchants, who will change their note when they see my change of fortune. What say you to all this, Francisco the Honest?'

'That I wish you joy of your prosperity, and hope you may enjoy it long and well.'

'Well, no doubt of that. Everyone who has it enjoys it well. He always dances well to whom fortune pipes.'

'Yes, no longer pipe, no longer dance,' replied Francisco; and here they parted; for Pedro walked away abruptly, 30 much mortified to perceive that his prosperity did not excite much envy, or command any additional respect from Francisco.

'I would rather,' said Francisco, when he returned to

Carlo and Rosetta, who waited for him under the portico, when he left them—‘I would rather have such good friends as you, Carlo and Arthur, and some more I could name, and, besides that, have a clear conscience, and work honestly for my bread, than be as lucky as Piedro. Do you know he has found a treasure, he says, in his father’s garden—a vase full of gold? He showed me one of the gold pieces.’

‘Much good may they do him. I hope he came honestly by them,’ said Carlo; ‘but ever since the affair of the 10 double measure, I suspect double dealing always from him. It is not our affair, however. Let him make himself happy his way, and we ours.’

“He that would live in peace and rest,
Must hear, and see, and say the best.”

All Piedro’s neighbours did not follow this peaceable maxim; for when he and his father began to circulate the story of the treasure found in the garden, the village of Resina did not give them implicit faith. People nodded and whispered, and shrugged their shoulders; then crossed 20 themselves, and declared that they would not, for all the riches of Naples, change places with either Piedro or his father. Regardless, or pretending to be regardless, of these suspicions, Piedro and his father persisted in their assertions. The fishing-nets were sold, and everything in their cottage was disposed of; they left Resina, went to live at Naples, and, after a few weeks, the matter began to be almost forgotten in the village.

The old gardener, Francisco’s father, was one of those who endeavoured to *think the best*; and all that he said 30 upon the subject was, that he would not exchange Francisco the Honest for Piedro the Lucky; that one can’t judge of the day till one sees the evening as well as the morning.

Not to leave our readers longer in suspense, we must inform them that the peasants of Resina were right in their suspicions. Pedro had never found any treasure in his father's garden, but he came by his gold in the following manner :—

After he was banished from the little wood-market for stealing Rosetta's basketful of wood, after he had cheated the poor woman, who let glasses out to hire, out of the value of the glasses which he broke, and, in short, after he
10 had entirely lost his credit with all who knew him, he roamed about the streets of Naples, reckless of what became of him.

He found the truth of the proverb, 'that credit lost is like a Venice glass broken—it can't be mended again.' The few shillings which he had in his pocket supplied him with food for a few days. At last he was glad to be employed by one of the peasants who came to Naples to load their asses with manure out of the streets. They often follow very early in the morning, or during the night-
20 time, the trace of carriages that are gone, or that are returning from the opera; and Pedro was one night at this work, when the horses of a nobleman's carriage took fright at the sudden blaze of some fireworks. The carriage was overturned near him; a lady was taken out of it, and was hurried by her attendants into a shop, where she stayed till her carriage was set to rights. She was too much alarmed for the first ten minutes after her accident to think of anything; but after some time, she perceived that she had lost a valuable diamond cross, which she had
30 worn that night at the opera. She was uncertain where she had dropped it; the shop, the carriage, the street, were searched for it in vain.

Pedro saw it fall as the lady was lifted out of the

carriage, seized upon it, and carried it off. Ignorant as he was of the full value of what he had stolen, he knew not how to satisfy himself as to this point, without trusting someone with the secret.

After some hesitation, he determined to apply to a Jew, who, as it was whispered, was ready to buy everything that was offered to him for sale, without making any *troublesome* inquiries. It was late; he waited till the streets were cleared, and then knocked softly at the back door of the Jew's house. The person who opened the door for Pedro 10 was his own father. Pedro started back; but his father had fast hold of him.

'What brings you here?' said the father, in a low voice, a voice which expressed fear and rage mixed.

'Only to ask my way—my shortest way,' stammered Pedro.

'No equivocations! Tell me what brings you here at this time of the night? I *will* know.'

Pedro, who felt himself in his father's grasp, and who knew that his father would certainly search him, to find 20 out what he had brought to sell, thought it most prudent to produce the diamond cross. His father could but just see its lustre by the light of a dim lamp, which hung over their heads in the gloomy passage in which they stood.

'You would have been duped, if you had gone to sell this to the Jew. It is well it has fallen into my hands. How came you by it?' Pedro answered that he had found it in the street. 'Go your ways home, then,' said his father; 'it is safe with me. Concern yourself no more about it.'

30

Pedro was not inclined thus to relinquish his booty, and he now thought proper to vary in his account of the manner in which he found the cross. He now confessed that it had

dropped from the dress of a lady, whose carriage was overturned as she was coming home from the opera, and he concluded by saying that, if his father took his prize from him without giving him his share of the profits, he would go directly to the shop where the lady stopped whilst her servants were raising the carriage, and that he would give notice of his having found the cross.

Piedro's father saw that his *smart* son, though scarcely sixteen years of age, was a match for him in villainy. He 10 promised him that he should have half of whatever the Jew would give for the diamonds, and Piedro insisted upon being present at the transaction.

We do not wish to lay open to our young readers scenes of iniquity. It is sufficient to say that the Jew, who was a man old in all the arts of villainy, contrived to cheat both his associates, and obtained the diamond cross for less than half its value. The matter was managed so that the transaction remained undiscovered. The lady who lost the cross, after making fruitless inquiries, gave up the search, 20 and Piedro and his father rejoiced in the success of their manoeuvres.

It is said, that 'Ill gotten wealth is quickly spent'; and so it proved in this instance. Both father and son lived a riotous life as long as their money lasted, and it did not last many months. What his bad education began, bad company finished, and Piedro's mind was completely ruined by the associates with whom he became connected during what he called his *prosperity*. When his money was at an end, these unprincipled friends began to look coldly upon him, 30 and at last plainly told him—'If you mean to *live with us*, you must *live as we do*.' They lived by robbery.

Piedro, though familiarized to the idea of fraud, was shocked at the thought of becoming a robber by profession.

How difficult it is to stop in the career of vice! Whether Piedro had power to stop, or whether he was hurried on by his associates, we shall, for the present, leave in doubt.

CHAPTER IV.

WE turn with pleasure from Piedro the Cunning to Francisco the Honest. Francisco continued the happy and useful course of his life. By his unremitting perseverance, he improved himself rapidly under the instructions of his master and friend, Signor Camillo; his friend, we say, for the fair and open character of Francisco won, or rather earned, the friendship of this benevolent artist. The English gentleman seemed to take a pride in our hero's success and good conduct. He was not one of those patrons who think that they have done enough when they have given five guineas. His servant Arthur always considered every generous action of his master's as his own, and was particularly pleased whenever this generosity was directed towards Francisco.

As for Carlo and the little Rosetta, they were the companions of all the pleasant walks which Francisco used to take in the cool of the evening, after he had been shut up 20 all day at his work. And the old carpenter, delighted with the gratitude of his pupil, frequently repeated—'That he was proud to have given the first instructions to such a *genius*; and that he had always prophesied Francisco would be a *great* man.' 'And a good man, papa,' said Rosetta; 'for though he has grown so great, and though he goes into palaces now, to say nothing of that place underground, where he has leave to go, yet, notwithstanding all this, he never forgets my brother Carlo and you.'

'That's the way to have good friends,' said the carpenter. 'And I like his way; he does more than he says. Facts are masculine, and words are feminine.'

These good friends seemed to make Francisco happier than Piedro could be made by his stolen diamonds.

One morning, Francisco was sent to finish a sketch of the front of an ancient temple, amongst the ruins of Herculeum. He had just reached the pit, and the men were about to let him down with cords, in the usual manner, 10 when his attention was caught by the shrill sound of a scolding woman's voice. He looked, and saw at some paces distant this female fury, who stood guarding the windlass of a well, to which, with threatening gestures and most voluble menaces, she forbade all access. The peasants—men, women and children, who had come with their pitchers to draw water at this well—were held at bay by the enraged female. Not one dared to be the first to advance; whilst she grasped with one hand the handle of the windlass, and, with the other tanned muscular arm extended, 20 governed the populace, bidding them remember that she was padrona, or mistress of the well. They retired, in hopes of finding a more gentle padrona at some other well in the neighbourhood; and the fury, when they were out of sight, divided the long black hair which hung over her face, and, turning to one of the spectators, appealed to them in a sober voice, and asked if she was not right in what she had done? 'I, that am padrona of the well,' said she, addressing herself to Francisco, who, with great attention, was contemplating her with the eye of a painter—'I, 30 that am padrona of the well, must in times of scarcity do strict justice, and preserve for ourselves alone the water of our well. There is scarcely enough even for ourselves. I have been obliged to make my husband lengthen the ropes

every day for this week past. If things go on at this rate, there will soon be not one drop of water left in my well.'

'Nor in any of the wells of the neighbourhood,' added one of the workmen, who was standing by; and he mentioned several in which the water had lately suddenly decreased; and a miller affirmed that his mill had stopped for want of water.

Francisco was struck by these remarks. They brought to his recollection similar facts, which he had often heard his father mention in his childhood, as having been observed 10 previous to the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius. He had also heard from his father, in his childhood, that it is better to trust to prudence than to fortune; and therefore, though the peasants and workmen, to whom he mentioned his fears, laughed, and said, 'That as the burning mountain had been favourable to them for so many years, they would trust to it and St. Januarius one day longer,' yet Francisco immediately gave up all thoughts of spending this day amidst the ruins of Herculaneum. After having inquired sufficiently, after having seen several wells, in which the 20 water had evidently decreased, and after having seen the mill-wheels that were standing still for want of their usual supply, he hastened home to his father and mother, reported what he had heard and seen, and begged of them to remove, and to take what things of value they could to some distance from the dangerous spot where they now resided.

Some of the inhabitants of Resina, whom he questioned, declared that they had heard strange rumbling noises underground; and a peasant and his son, who had been at work the preceding day in a vineyard, a little above the 30 village, related that they had seen a sudden puff of smoke come out of the earth, close to them; and that they had, at the same time, heard a noise like the going off of a pistol.

The villagers listened with large eyes and open ears to these relations; yet such was their habitual attachment to the spot they lived upon, or such the security in their own good fortune, that few of them would believe that there could be any necessity for removing.—‘We’ll see what will happen to-morrow; we shall be safe here one day longer,’ said they.

Francisco’s father and mother, more prudent than the generality of their neighbours, went to the house of a relation, at some miles’ distance from Vesuvius, and carried with them all their effects.

In the meantime, Francisco went to the villa where his English friends resided. The villa was in a most dangerous situation, near Terre del Greco—a town that stands at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. He related all the facts that he had heard to Arthur, who, not having been, like the inhabitants of Resina, familiarized to the idea of living in the vicinity of a burning mountain, and habituated to trust in St. Januarius, was sufficiently alarmed by Francisco’s representations. He ran to his master’s apartment, and communicated all that he had just heard. The Count de Flora and his lady, who were at this time in the house, ridiculed the fears of Arthur, and could not be prevailed upon to remove even as far as Naples. The lady was intent upon preparations for her birthday, which was to be celebrated in a few days with great magnificence at their villa; and she observed that it would be a pity to return to town before that day, and they had everything arranged for the festival. The prudent Englishman had not the gallantry to appear to be convinced by these arguments, and he left the place of danger. He left it not too soon, for the next morning exhibited a scene—a scene which we shall not attempt to describe.

We refer our young readers to the account of this dreadful eruption of Mount Vesuvius, published by Sir W. Hamilton in the *Philosophical Transactions*. It is sufficient here to say that, in the space of about five hours, the wretched inhabitants of Torre del Greco saw their town utterly destroyed by the streams of burning lava which poured from the mountain. The villa of Count de Flora, with some others, which were at a little distance from the town, escaped; but they were absolutely surrounded by the lava. The count and countess were obliged to fly from 10 their house with the utmost precipitation in the night-time; and they had not time to remove any of their furniture, their plate, clothes, or jewels.

A few days after the eruption, the surface of the lava became so cool that people could walk upon it, though several feet beneath the surface it was still exceedingly hot. Numbers of those who had been forced from their houses now returned to the ruins to try to save whatever they could. But these unfortunate persons frequently found their houses had been pillaged by robbers, who in 20 these moments of general confusion, enrich themselves with the spoils of their fellow-creatures.

‘Has the count abandoned his villa? and is there no one to take care of his plate and furniture? The house will certainly be ransacked before morning,’ said the old carpenter to Francisco, who was at his house giving him an account of their flight. Francisco immediately went to the count’s house in Naples, to warn him of his danger. The first person he saw was Arthur, who, with a face of terror, said to him, ‘Do you know what has happened? It is all 30 over with Resina!’ ‘All over with Resina! What, has there been a fresh eruption? Has the lava reached Resina?’ ‘No; but it will inevitably be blown up.

There,' said Arthur, pointing to a thin figure of an Italian, who stood pale and trembling, and looking up to heaven as he crossed himself repeatedly. 'There,' said Arthur, 'is a man who has left a parcel of his cursed rockets and fireworks, with I don't know how much gunpowder, in the count's house, from which we have just fled. The wind blows that way. One spark of fire, and the whole is blown up.'

Francisco waited not to hear more ; but instantly, without explaining his intentions to anyone, set out for the
10 count's villa, and, with a bucket of water in his hand, crossed the beds of lava with which the house was encompassed ; when, reaching the hall where the rockets and gunpowder were left, he plunged them into the water, and returned with them in safety over the lava, yet warm under his feet.

What was the surprise and joy of the poor firework-maker when he saw Francisco return from this dangerous expedition ! He could scarcely believe his eyes, when he saw the rockets and the gunpowder all safe.

20 The count, who had given up the hopes of saving his palace, was in admiration when he heard of this instance of intrepidity, which probably saved not only his villa, but the whole village of Resina from destruction. These fireworks had been prepared for the celebration of the countess's birthday, and were forgotten in the hurry of the night on which the inhabitants fled from Torre del Greco.

'Brave young man !' said the count to Francisco, 'I thank you, and shall not limit my gratitude to thanks. You tell me that there is danger of my villa being pillaged
30 by robbers. It is from this moment your interest, as well as mine, to prevent their depredations ; for (trust to my liberality) a portion of all that is saved of mine shall be yours.'

'Bravo ! bravissimo !' exclaimed one, who started from a recessed window in the hall where all this passed. 'Bravo ! bravissimo !'—Francisco thought he knew the voice and the countenance of this man, who exclaimed with so much enthusiasm. He remembered to have seen him before, but when, or where, he could not recollect. As soon as the count left the hall, the stranger came up to Francisco. 'Is it possible,' said he, 'that you don't know me ? It is scarcely a twelvemonth since I drew tears from your eyes.' 'Tears from my eyes ?' repeated Francisco, 10 smiling ; 'I have shed but few tears. I have had but few misfortunes in my life.' The stranger answered him by two extempore Italian lines, which conveyed nearly the same idea that has been so well expressed by an English poet :

'To each their sufferings—all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The feeling for another's woes,
Th' unfeeling for his own.'

'I know you now perfectly well,' cried Francisco ; 'you 20 are the Improvisatore who, one fine moonlight night last summer, told us the story of Cornaro the Turk.'

'The same,' said the Improvisatore ; 'the same, though in a better dress, which I should not have thought would have made so much difference in your eyes, though it makes all the difference between man and man in the eyes of the stupid vulgar. My genius has broken through the clouds of misfortune of late. A few happy impromptu verses I made on the Count de Flora's fall from his horse attracted attention. The count patronizes me. I am here 30 now to learn the fate of an ode I have just composed for his lady's birthday. My ode was to have been set to music, and to have been performed at his villa near Torre

del Greco, if these troubles had not intervened. Now that the mountain is quiet again, people will return to their senses. I expect to be munificently rewarded. But, perhaps, I detain you. Go; I shall not forget to celebrate the heroic action you have performed this day. I still amuse myself amongst the populace in my tattered garb late in the evenings, and I shall sound your praises through Naples in a poem I mean to recite on the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Adieu.'

10 The Improvisatore was as good as his word. That evening, with more than his usual enthusiasm, he recited his verses to a great crowd of people in one of the public squares. Amongst the crowd were several to whom the name of Francisco was well known, and by whom he was well beloved. These were his young companions, who remembered him as a fruit-seller amongst the little merchants. They rejoiced to hear his praises, and repeated the lines with shouts of applause.

'Let us pass. What is all this disturbance in the 20 streets?' said a man, pushing his way through the crowd. A lad who held by his arm stopped suddenly on hearing the name of Francisco, which the people were repeating with so much enthusiasm.

'Ha! I have found at last a story that interests you more than that of Cornaro the Turk,' cried the Improvisatore, looking in the face of the youth, who had stopped so suddenly. 'You are the young man who, last summer, had liked to have tricked me out of my new hat. Promise me you won't touch it now,' said he, throwing down the 30 hat at his feet, 'or you hear not one word I have to say. Not one word of the heroic action performed at the villa of the Count de Flora, near Torre del Greco, this morning, by Signor Francisco.'

'*Signor* Francisco,' repeated the lad with disdain. 'Well, let us hear what you have to tell of him,' added he. 'Your hat is very safe, I promise you; I shall not touch it. What of *Signor* Francisco?'

'*Signor* Francisco I may, without impropriety, call him,' said the Improvisatore, 'for he is likely to become rich enough to command the title from those who might not otherwise respect his merit.'

'Likely to become rich! how?' said the lad, whom our readers have probably before this time discovered to be 10
Piedro. 'How, pray, is he likely to become rich enough to be a signor?'

'The Count de Flora has promised him a liberal portion of all the fine furniture, plate and jewels that can be saved from his villa at Torre del Greco. Francisco is gone down thither now with some of the count's domestics to protect the valuable goods against those villainous plunderers, who robbed their fellow-creatures of what even the flames of Vesuvius would spare.'

'Come, we have had enough of this stuff,' cried the 20
man whose arm Piedro held. 'Come away,' and he hurried forwards.

This man was one of the villains against whom the honest orator expressed such indignation. He was one of those with whom Piedro got acquainted during the time that he was living extravagantly upon the money he gained by the sale of the stolen diamond cross. That robbery was not discovered; and his *success*, as he called it, hardened him in guilt. He was both unwilling and unable to withdraw himself from the 30
bad company with whom his ill gotten wealth connected him. He did not consider that bad company leads to the gallows.

The universal confusion which followed the eruption of Mount Vesuvius was to these villains a time of rejoicing. No sooner did Piedro's companion hear of the rich furniture, plate, etc., which the imprudent orator had described as belonging to the Count de Flora's villa, than he longed to make himself master of the whole.

'It is a pity,' said Piedro, 'that the count has sent Francisco, with his servants down to guard it.' 'And who is this Francisco of whom you seem to stand in so much awe?' 'A boy, a young lad only, of about my own age; but I know him to be sturdily honest. The servants we might corrupt; but even the old proverb of "Angle with a silver hook," won't hold good with him.'

'And if he cannot be won by fair means, he must be conquered by foul,' said the desperate villain; 'but if we offer him rather more than the count has already promised for his share of the booty, of course he will consult at once his safety and his interest.'

'No,' said Piedro; 'that is not his nature. I know him from a child, and we had better think of some other house for to-night's business.'

'None other; none but this,' cried his companion, with an oath. 'My mind is determined upon this, and you must obey your leader: recollect the fate of him who failed me yesterday.'

The person to whom he alluded was one of the gang of robbers who had been assassinated by his companions for hesitating to commit some crime suggested by their leader. No tyranny is so dreadful as that which is exercised by 30 villains over their young accomplices, who become their slaves. Piedro, who was of a cowardly nature, trembled at the threatening countenance of his captain, and promised submission.

In the course of the morning, inquiries were made secretly amongst the count's servants; and the two men who were engaged to sit up at the villa that night along with Francisco, were bribed to second the views of this gang of thieves. It was agreed that about midnight the robbers should be let into the house; that Francisco should be tied hand and foot, whilst they carried off their booty. 'He is a stubborn chap, though so young, I understand,' said the captain of the robbers to his men; 'but we carry poniards, and know how to use them. Piedro, you look 10 pale. You don't require to be reminded of what I said to you when we were alone just now?'

Piedro's voice failed, and some of his comrades observed that he was young and new to the business. The captain, who, from being his pretended friend during his wealthy days, had of late become his tyrant, cast a stern look at Piedro, and bid him be sure to be at the old Jew's, which was the place of meeting, in the dusk of the evening. After saying this he departed.

Piedro, when he was alone, tried to collect his thoughts 20—all his thoughts were full of horror. 'Where am I?' said he to himself; 'what am I about? Did I understand rightly what he said about poniards? Francisco; oh, Francisco! Excellent, kind, generous Francisco? Yes, I recollect your look when you held the bunch of grapes to my lips, as I sat by the sea-shore deserted by all the world; and now, what friends have I? Robbers and ——' The word *murderers* he could not utter. He again recollected what had been said about poniards, and the longer his mind fixed upon the words, and the look that accompanied 30 them, the more he was shocked. He could not doubt but that it was the serious intention of his accomplices to murder Francisco, if he should make any resistance.

Piedro had at this moment no friend in the world to whom he could apply for advice or assistance. His wretched father died some weeks before this time, in a fit of intoxication. Piedro walked up and down the street, scarcely capable of thinking, much less of coming to any rational resolution.

The hours passed away, the shadows of the houses lengthened under his footsteps, the evening came on, and when it grew dusk, after hesitating in great agony of
10 mind for some time, his fear of the robbers' vengeance prevailed over every other feeling, and he went at the appointed hour to the place of meeting.

The place of meeting was at the house of that Jew to whom he, several months before, sold the diamond cross. That cross which he thought himself so lucky to have stolen, and to have disposed of undetected, was, in fact, the cause of his being in his present dreadful situation. It was at the Jew's that he connected himself with this gang of robbers, to whom he was now become an absolute slave.

20 'Oh, that I dared to disobey!' said he to himself, with a deep sigh, as he knocked softly at the back door of the Jew's house. The back door opened into a narrow, unfrequented street, and some small rooms at this side of the house were set apart for the reception of guests who desired to have their business kept secret. These rooms were separated by a dark passage from the rest of the house, and numbers of people came to the shop in the front of the house, which looked into a creditable street, without knowing anything more, from the ostensible appearance of the
30 shop, than that it was a kind of pawnbroker's, where old clothes, old iron, and all sorts of refuse goods, might be disposed of conveniently.

At the moment Piedro knocked at the back door, the

front shop was full of customers ; and the Jew's boy, whose office it was to attend to these signals, let Piedro in, told him that none of his comrades were yet come, and left him in a room by himself.

He was pale and trembling, and felt a cold dew spread over him. He had a leaden image of Saint Januarius tied round his neck, which, in the midst of his wickedness, he superstitiously preserved as a sort of charm, and on this he kept his eyes stupidly fixed, as he sat alone in this gloomy place. 10

He listened from time to time, but he heard no noise at the side of the house where he was. His accomplices did not arrive, and, in a sort of impatient terror, the attendant upon an evil conscience, he flung open the door of his cell, and groped his way through the passage which he knew led to the public shop. He longed to hear some noise, and to mix with the living. The Jew, when Piedro entered the shop, was bargaining with a poor, thin-looking man about some gunpowder.

'I don't deny that it has been wet,' said the man, 'but 20 since it was in the bucket of water, it has been carefully dried. I tell you the simple truth, that so soon after the grand eruption of Mount Vesuvius, the people of Naples will not relish fireworks. My poor little rockets, and even my Catharine-wheels, will have no effect. I am glad to part with all I have in this line of business. A few days ago I had fine things in readiness for the Countess de Flora's birthday, which was to have been celebrated at the count's villa.'

'Why do you fix your eyes on me, friend? What is 30 your discourse to me?' said Piedro, who imagined that the man fixed his eyes upon him as he mentioned the name of the count's villa.

'I did not know that I fixed my eyes upon you; I was thinking of my fireworks,' said the poor man, simply. 'But now that I do look at you and hear your voice, I recollect having had the pleasure of seeing you before.'

'When? where?' said **Piedro**.

'A great while ago; no wonder you have forgotten me,' said the man; 'but I can recall the night to your recollection. You were in the street with me the night I let off that unlucky rocket, which frightened the horses, and was
10 the cause of overturning a lady's coach. Don't you remember the circumstance?'

'I have a confused recollection of some such thing,' said **Piedro**, in great embarrassment; and he looked suspiciously at this man, in doubt whether he was cunning; and wanted to sound him, or whether he was so simple as he appeared.

'You did not, perhaps, hear, then,' continued the man, 'that there was a great search made, after the overturn, for a fine diamond cross, belonging to the lady in the carriage? That lady, though I did not know it till lately, was the
20 Countess de Flora.'

'I know nothing of the matter,' interrupted **Piedro**, in great agitation. His confusion was so marked, that the firework-maker could not avoid taking notice of it; and a silence of some moments ensued. The Jew, more practised in dissimulation than **Piedro**, endeavoured to turn the man's attention back to his rockets and his gunpowder—agreed to take the gunpowder—paid for it in haste, and was, though apparently unconcerned, eager to get rid of him. But this was not so easily done. The man's curiosity
30 was excited, and his suspicions of **Piedro** were increased every moment by all the dark changes of his countenance. **Piedro**, overpowered with the sense of guilt, surprised at the unexpected mention of the diamond cross, and of the

Count de Flora's villa, stood like one convicted, and seemed fixed to the spot, without power of motion.

'I want to look at the old cambrie that you said you had—that would do for making—that you could let me have cheap for artificial flowers,' said the firework-maker to the Jew ; and as he spoke, his eye from time to time looked towards Piedro.

Piedro felt for the leaden image of the saint, which he wore round his neck. The string which held it cracked, and broke with the pull he gave it. This slight circumstance affected his terrified and superstitious mind more than all the rest. He imagined at this moment his fate was decided ; that Saint Januarius deserted him, and that he was undone. He precipitately followed the firework-man the instant he left the shop, and seizing hold of his arm, whispered, 'I must speak to you.' 'Speak, then,' said the man, astonished. 'Not here ; this way,' said he, drawing him towards the dark passage : 'what I have to say must not be overheard. You are going to the Count de Flora's, are you not ?' 'I am,' said the man. He was 20 going there to speak to the countess about some artificial flowers ; but Piedro thought he was going to speak to her about the diamond cross. 'You are going to give information against me ? Nay, hear me, I confess that I purloined that diamond cross ; but I can do the count a great service, upon condition that he pardons me. His villa is to be attacked this night by four well armed men. They will set out five hours hence. I am compelled, under the threat of assassination, to accompany them ; but I shall do no more. I throw myself upon the count's mercy. 30 Hasten to him—we have no time to lose.'

The poor man, who heard this confession, escaped from Piedro the moment he loosed his arm. With all possible

expedition he ran to the count's palace in Naples, and related to him all that had been said by Piedro. Some of the count's servants, on whom he could most depend, were at a distant part of the city attending their mistress, but the English gentleman offered the services of his man Arthur. Arthur no sooner heard the business, and understood that Francisco was in danger, than he armed himself without saying one word, saddled his English horse, and was ready to depart before anyone else had finished their 10 exclamations and conjectures.

'But we are not to set out yet,' said the servant; 'it is but four miles to Torre del Greco; the sbirri (officers of justice) are summoned—they are to go with us—we must wait for them.'

They waited, much against Arthur's inclination, a considerable time for these sbirri. At length they set out, and just as they reached the villa, the flash of the pistol was seen from one of the apartments in the house. The robbers were there. This pistol was snapped by their 20 captain at poor Francisco, who had bravely asserted that he would, as long as he had life, defend the property committed to his care. The pistol missed fire, for it was charged with some of the damaged powder which the Jew had bought that evening from the firework maker, and which he had sold as excellent immediately afterwards to his favourite customers—the robbers who met at his house.

Arthur, as soon as he perceived the flash of the piece, pressed forward through all the apartments, followed by the count's servants and the officers of justice. At the 30 sudden appearance of so many armed men, the robbers stood dismayed. Arthur eagerly shook Francisco's hand, congratulating him upon his safety, and did not perceive, till he had given him several rough friendly shakes, that

his arm was wounded, and that he was pale with the loss of blood.

'It is not much—only a slight wound,' said Francisco; 'one that I should have escaped, if I had been upon my guard; but the sight of a face that I little expected to see in such company took from me all presence of mind; and one of the ruffians stabbed me here in the arm, whilst I stood in stupid astonishment.'

'Oh! take me to prison! take me to prison—I am weary of life—I am a wretch not fit to live!' cried Piedro, holding his hands to be tied by the sbirri.

The next morning Piedro was conveyed to prison; and as he passed through the streets of Naples he was met by several of those who had known him when he was a child. 'Ay,' said they, as he went by, 'his father encouraged him in cheating when he was *but a child*; and see what he is come to, now he is a man!' He was ordered to remain twelve months in solitary confinement. His captain and his accomplices were sent to the galleys, and the Jew was banished from Naples.

20

And now, having got these villains out of the way, let us return to honest Francisco. His wound was soon healed. Arthur was no bad surgeon, for he let his patient get well as fast as he pleased; and Carlo and Rosetta nursed him with so much kindness, that he was almost sorry to find himself perfectly recovered.

'Now that you are able to go out,' said Francisco's father to him, 'you must come and look at my new house, my dear son.' 'Your new house, father?' 'Yes, son, and a charming one it is, and a handsome piece of land near it—30 all at a safe distance, too, from Mount Vesuvius; and can you guess how I came by it?—it was given to me for having a good son.'

‘Yes, cried Carlo; ‘the inhabitants of Resina, and several who had property near Terre del Greco, and whose houses and lives were saved by your intrepidity in carrying the materials for the fireworks and the gunpowder out of this dangerous place, went in a body to the duke, and requested that he would mention your name and these facts to the king, who, amongst the grants he has made to the sufferers by the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius, has been pleased to say that he gives this house and garden to
 10 your father, because you have saved the property and lives of many of his subjects.’

The value of a handsome portion of furniture, plate, etc., in the Count de Flora’s villa, was, according to the count’s promise, given to him; and this money he divided between his own family and that of the good carpenter who first put a pencil into his hands. Arthur would not accept of any present from him. To Mr. Lee, the English gentleman, he offered one of his own drawings—a fruit-piece. ‘I like this very well,’ said Arthur, as he examined the drawing, ‘but
 20 I should like this melon better if it was a little bruised. It is now three years ago since I was going to buy that bruised melon from you; you showed me your honest nature then, though you were but a boy; and I have found you the same ever since. A good beginning makes a good ending—an honest boy will make an honest man; and honesty is the best policy, as you have proved to all who wanted the proof, I hope.’

‘Yes,’ added Francisco’s father, ‘I think it is pretty plain that Piedro the Cunning has not managed quite so well as
 30 Francisco the Honest.’

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE name we are now to mention is perhaps the most distinguished to be found in the annals of self-education. Of all those, at least, who, by their own efforts, and without any usurpation of the rights of others, have raised themselves to a high place in society, there is no one, as has been remarked, the close of whose history presents so great a contrast to its commencement as that of Benjamin Franklin. It fortunately happens, too, in his case, that we are in possession of abundant information as to the methods by which he contrived to surmount the many disadvantages 10 of his original condition; to raise himself from the lowest poverty and obscurity to affluence and distinction; and above all, in the absence of instructors, and of the ordinary helps to the acquisition of knowledge, to enrich himself so plentifully with the treasures of literature and science, as not only to be enabled to derive from that source the chief happiness of his life, but to succeed in placing himself high among the most famous writers and philosophers of his time. It is in this latter point of view, chiefly, that at present we propose to consider him; and we shall avail ourselves, as 20 liberally as our limits will permit, of the ample details, respecting the early part of his life especially, that have been given to the public, in order to present to the reader as full and distinct an account as possible of the successive

steps of a progress so eminently worthy of being recorded, both from the interesting nature of the story, and from its value as an example and lesson, perhaps the most instructive to be anywhere found, for all who have to be either the architects of their own fortunes, or their own guides in the pursuit of knowledge.

Franklin has himself told us the story of his early life inimitably well. The narrative is given in the form of a letter to his son; and does not appear to have been written originally with any view to publication. 'From the poverty and obscurity,' he says, 'in which I was born, and in which I passed my earliest years, I have raised myself to a state of affluence, and some degree of celebrity in the world. As constant good fortune has accompanied me, even to an advanced period of life, my posterity will perhaps be desirous of learning the means which I employed, and which, thanks to Providence, so well succeeded with me. They may also deem them fit to be imitated, should any of them find themselves in similar circumstances.' It is not
 10
 20 many years since this letter was, for the first time, given to the world by the grandson of the illustrious writer, only a small portion of it having previously appeared, and that merely a re-translation into English from a French version of the original manuscript which had been published at Paris.

Franklin was born at Boston, in North America, on the 17th of January, 1706; the youngest, with the exception of two daughters, of a family of seventeen children. His father, who had emigrated from England about twenty-four
 30 years before, followed the occupation of a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, a business to which he had not been bred, and by which he seems with difficulty to have been able to support his numerous family. At first it was proposed to

make Benjamin a clergyman; and he was accordingly, having before learned to read, put to the grammar-school at eight years of age;—an uncle, whose namesake he was, and who appears to have been an ingenious man, encouraging the project by offering to give him several volumes of sermons to set up with, which he had taken down, in a short-hand of his own invention, from the different preachers he had been in the habit of hearing. This person, who was now advanced in life, had been only a common silk-dyer, but had been both a great reader and writer in his day, 10 having filled two quarto volumes with his own manuscript poetry. What he was most proud of, however, was his short-hand, which he was very anxious that his nephew should learn. But young Franklin had not been quite a year at the grammar-school, when his father began to reflect that the expense of a college education for him was what he could not very well afford; and that, besides, the church in America was a poor profession after all. He was accordingly removed, and placed for another year under a teacher of writing and arithmetic; after which his father 20 took him home, when he was no more than ten years old, to assist him in his own business. He was now, therefore, employed, he tells us, in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the moulds for cast candles, attending the shop, going errands, and other drudgery of the same kind. He showed so much dislike, however, to this business, that his father, afraid he would break loose and go to sea, as one of his elder brothers had done, found it advisable, after a trial of two years, to look about for another occupation for him; and after he had been taken round to see a great many 30 different sorts of tradesmen at their work, it was agreed upon that he should be bound apprentice to a cousin of his own, who was a cutler. But he had been only for some

days on trial at this business when, his father thinking the apprentice-fee which his cousin asked too high, he was again taken home. In this state of things it was finally resolved to place him with his brother James, who had been bred a printer, and had just returned from England and set up on his own account at Boston. To him, therefore, Benjamin was bound apprentice, when he was yet only in his twelfth year, on an agreement that he should remain with him in that capacity till he reached the age of twenty-one.

- 10 One of the principal reasons which induced his father to determine upon this profession for him was the fondness he had from his infancy shown for reading. All the money he could get hold of used to be eagerly laid out in the purchase of books. His father's small collection consisted principally of works in controversial divinity, a subject of little interest to a reader of his age; but, such as they were, he went through most of them. Fortunately there was also a copy of *Plutarch's Lives*, which he says he read abundantly. This and a book by Daniel Defoe, called *An*
- 20 *Essay on Projects*, he seems to think were the two works from which he derived the most advantage. His new profession of a printer, by procuring him the acquaintance of some booksellers' apprentices, enabled him considerably to extend his acquaintance with books, by frequently borrowing a volume in the evening, which he sat up reading the greater part of the night, in order that he might return it in the morning, lest it should be missed. But these solitary studies did not prevent him from soon acquiring a great proficiency in his business, in which he was every day
- 30 becoming more useful to his brother. After some time, too, his access to books was greatly facilitated by the kindness of a liberal-minded merchant who was in the habit of frequenting the printing-office, and, being possessed of a

tolerable library, invited young Franklin, whose industry and intelligence had attracted his attention, to come to see it; after which he allowed him to borrow from it such volumes as he wished to read.

Our young student was now to distinguish himself in a new character. The perusal of the works of others suggested to him the idea of trying his own talent at composition; and his first attempts in this way were a few pieces of poetry. Verse, it may be observed, is generally the earliest sort of composition attempted either by nations or 10 individuals, and for the same reasons in both cases—namely, first, because poetry has peculiar charms for the unripe understanding; and, secondly, because people at first find it difficult to conceive what composition is at all, independently of such measured cadences and other regularities as constitute verse. Franklin's poetical fit, however, did not last long. Having been induced by his brother to write two ballads, he was sent to sell them through the streets; and one of them, at least, being on a subject that had just made a good deal of noise in the place, sold, as he 20 tells us, prodigiously. But his father, who, without much literary knowledge, was a man of a remarkably sound and vigorous understanding, soon brought down the rising vanity of the young poet, by pointing out to him the many faults of his performances, and convincing him what wretched stuff they really were. Having been told, too, that verse-makers were generally beggars, with his characteristic prudence he determined to write no more ballads.

He had an intimate acquaintance of the name of Collins, who was, like himself, passionately fond of books, and with 30 whom he was in the habit of arguing upon such subjects as they met with in the course of their reading. Among other questions which they discussed in this way, one accidentally

arose on the abilities of women, and the propriety of giving them a learned education. Collins maintained their natural unfitness for any of the severer studies, while Franklin took the contrary side of the question—‘perhaps,’ he says, ‘a little for dispute’s sake.’ His antagonist had always the greater plenty of words; but Franklin thought that, on this occasion in particular, his own arguments were rather stronger; and, on their parting without settling the point, he sat down and put a summary of what he advanced in
 10 writing, which he copied out and sent to Collins. This gave a new form to the discussion, which was now carried on for some time by letters, of which three or four had been written on both sides, when the correspondence fell into the hands of Franklin’s father. His natural acuteness and good sense enabled him here again to render an essential service to his son, by pointing out to him how far he fell short of his antagonist in elegance of expression, in method, and in perspicuity, though he had the advantage of him in correct spelling and punctuation, which he evidently owed to his
 20 experience in the printing-office. From that moment Franklin determined to spare no pains in endeavouring to improve his style; and we shall give in his own words, the method he pursued for that end.

‘About this time,’ says he, ‘I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*; I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent; and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With that view, I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each
 30 sentence, laid them by a few days; and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that

should occur to me. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual search for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my 10 mind, and make me master of it. Therefore, I took some of the tales in the *Spectator*, and turned them into verse; and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion; and, after some weeks, endeavoured to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults and corrected them; but I some- 20 times had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think that I might, in time, come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.'

Even at this early age nothing could exceed the perseverance and self-denial which he displayed, in pursuing his favourite object of cultivating his mental faculties to the utmost of his power. When only sixteen, he chanced to meet with a book in recommendation of a vegetable diet, 30 one of the arguments at least in favour of which made an immediate impression upon him—namely, its greater cheapness; and from this and other considerations, he determined

to adopt that way of living for the future. Having taken this resolution, he proposed to his brother, if he would give him weekly only half what his board had hitherto cost, to board himself; an offer which was immediately accepted. He presently found that by adhering to his new system of diet he could still save half what his brother allowed him. 'This,' says he, 'was an additional fund for buying of books: but I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals,

10 I remained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast (which was often no more than a biscuit, or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins, or a tart from the pastrycook's, and a glass of water), had the rest of the time, till their return, for study; in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking.' It was about this time that, by means of Cocker's Arithmetic, he made himself master of that science, which he had twice attempted in vain to learn while at school;

20 and that he also obtained some acquaintance with the elements of geometry, by the perusal of a treatise on Navigation. He mentions, likewise, among the works which he now read, *Locke on the Human Understanding*, and the Port-Royal *Art of Thinking*, together with two little sketches on the arts of Logic and Rhetoric, which he found at the end of an English Grammar, and which initiated him into the Socratic mode of disputation, or that way of arguing by which an antagonist, by being questioned, is imperceptibly drawn into admissions which are afterwards dexterously

30 turned against him. Of this method of reasoning he became, he tells us, excessively fond, finding it very safe for himself and very embarrassing for those against whom he used it; but he afterwards abandoned it, apparently

from a feeling that it gave advantages rather to cunning than to truth, and was better adapted to gain victories in conversation than either to convince or to inform.

A few years before this his brother had begun to publish a newspaper, the second that had appeared in America. This brought most of the literary people of Boston occasionally to the printing-office; and young Franklin often heard them conversing about the articles that appeared in the newspaper, and the approbation which particular ones received. At last, inflamed with the ambition of sharing 10 in this sort of fame, he resolved to try how a communication of his own would succeed. Having written his paper, therefore, in a disguised hand, he put it at night under the door of the printing-office, where it was found in the morning, and submitted to the consideration of the critics when they met as usual. 'They read it,' says he; 'commented on it in my hearing; and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation; and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity.' 20 'I suppose,' he adds, 'that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that they were not really so very good as I then believed them to be.' Encouraged, however, by the success of this attempt, he sent several other pieces to the press in the same way, keeping his secret, till, as he expresses it, all his fund of sense for such performances was exhausted. He then discovered himself, and immediately found that he began to be looked upon as a person of some consequence by his brother's literary acquaintances.

This newspaper soon after afforded him, very unex- 30 pectedly, an opportunity of extricating himself from his indenture to his brother, who had all along treated him with great harshness, and to whom his rising literary repu-

tation only made him more an object of envy and dislike. An article which they had admitted having offended the local government, his brother, as proprietor of the paper, was not only sentenced to a month's imprisonment, but prohibited from any longer continuing to print the offensive journal. In these circumstances, it was determined that it should appear for the future in the name of Benjamin, who had managed it during his brother's confinement; and, in order to prevent it being alleged that the former proprietor
 10 was only screening himself behind one of his apprentices, the indenture by which the latter was bound was given up to him; he at the same time, in order to secure to his brother the benefit of his services, signing new indentures for the remainder of his time, which were to be kept private. 'A very flimsy scheme it was,' says Franklin; however, it was immediately executed; and the paper was printed accordingly under my name for several months. At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming
 20 that he would not venture to produce the new indenture. It was not fair in me to take this advantage; and this I therefore reckon one of the first *errata* of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me, when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natured man: perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.'

Finding, however, that his brother, in consequence of this exploit, had taken care to give him such a character to
 30 all those of his own profession in Boston that nobody would employ him there, he now resolved to make his way to New York, the nearest place where there was a printer; and accordingly, after selling his books to raise a little

money, he embarked on board a vessel for that city, without communicating his intention to his friends, who he knew would oppose it. In three days he found himself at the end of his voyage, near three hundred miles from his home, at the age of seventeen, without the least recommendation, as he tells us, or knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in his pocket. Worst of all, upon applying to the only printer likely to give him any employment, he found that this person had nothing for him to do, and that the only way in which he could serve 10 him was by recommending him to proceed to Philadelphia, a hundred miles farther, where he had a son, who, he believed, might employ him. We cannot follow our runaway through the disastrous incidents of this second journey; but, for the reason which he states himself, we shall allow him to give his own most graphic description of his first appearance in Philadelphia.

After concluding the account of his voyage, 'I have been the more particular,' says he, 'in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, 20 that you may, in your mind, compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings; and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on 30 account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his

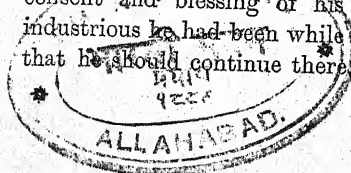
being thought to have but little. I walked towards the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made in Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices, nor the names of the different
10 sorts of bread, I told him to give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it; and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street, as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father, when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my
20 roll all the way, and coming round found myself again at Market Street Wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther. Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among
30 them; and after looking round a while, and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy, through labour and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to

rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.'

Refreshed by his brief sojourn in this cheap place of repose, he then set out in quest of a lodging for the night. Next morning he found the person to whom he had been directed, who was not, however, able to give him any employment; but upon applying to another printer in the place, of the name of Keimer, he was a little more fortunate, being set by him, in the first instance, to put an old press to rights, and afterwards taken into regular work. He had 10 been some months at Philadelphia, his relations in Boston knowing nothing of what had become of him, when a brother-in-law, who was the master of a trading sloop, happening to hear of him in one of his voyages, wrote to him in very earnest terms to entreat him to return home. The letter which he sent in reply to this application reaching his brother-in-law when he chanced to be in company with Sir William Keith, the Governor of the Province, it was shown to that gentleman, who expressed considerable surprise on being told the age of the writer, and immediately said that he appeared to be a young man of promis- 20 ing parts, and that if he would set up on his own account in Philadelphia, where the printers were wretched ones, he had no doubt he would succeed; for his part he would procure him the public business, and do him every service in his power. Some time after this, Franklin, who knew nothing of what had taken place, was one day at work along with his master near the window, when 'we saw,' says he, 'the Governor and another gentleman (who proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle, in the province of Delaware), 30 finely dressed, come directly across the street to our house, and heard them at the door. Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him but the Governor

inquired for me, came up, and with a condescension and politeness I had been quite unused to, made me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blamed me kindly for not having made myself known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French, to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira. I was not a little surprised, and Keimer stared with astonishment.'

The reader already perceives that Sir William must have been rather an odd sort of person; and this becomes still more apparent in the sequel of the story. Having got his young protégé to the tavern, he proposed to him, over their wine, that he should as soon as possible set up in Philadelphia as a master printer, only continuing to work with Keimer till an opportunity should offer of a passage to Boston, when he would return home, to arrange the matter with his father, who, the Governor had no doubt, would, upon a letter from him, at once advance his son the necessary funds for commencing business. Accordingly, Franklin set out for Boston by the first vessel that sailed; and, upon his arrival, was very kindly received by all his family, except his brother, and surprised his father not a little by presenting him with the Governor's letter. For some time his father said little or nothing on the subject, merely remarking, that Sir William must be a person of small discretion, to think of setting a youth up in business who wanted three years to arrive at man's estate. But at last he decidedly refused to have anything to do with the arrangement; and Franklin returned to his patron to tell him of his bad success, going this time, however, with the consent and blessing of his parents, who, finding how industrious he had been while in Philadelphia, were willing that he should continue there. When Franklin presented



himself to Sir William with his father's answer to the letter he had been honoured with from that functionary, the Governor observed that he was too prudent: 'but since he will not set you up,' added he, 'I will do it myself.' It was finally agreed that Franklin should proceed in person to England, to purchase types and other necessary articles, for which the Governor was to give him letters of credit to the extent of one hundred pounds.

After repeated applications to the Governor for the promised letters of credit, Franklin was at last sent on ¹⁰ board the vessel, which was just on the point of sailing for England, with an assurance that Colonel French should be sent to him with the letters immediately. That gentleman soon after made his appearance, bearing a packet of dispatches from the Governor: in this packet Franklin was informed his letters were. Accordingly, when they got into the British Channel, the Captain having allowed him to search for them among the others, he found several addressed to his care, which he concluded of course to be those he had been promised. Upon presenting one of ²⁰ them, however, to a stationer, to whom it was directed, the man, having opened it, merely said, 'Oh, this is from Riddlesdon (an attorney in Philadelphia, whom Franklin knew to be a thorough knave); I have lately found him to be a complete rascal;' and, giving back the letter, turned on his heel, and proceeded to serve his customers. Upon this, Franklin's confidence in his patron began to be a little shaken; and, after reviewing the whole affair in his own mind, he resolved to lay it before a very intelligent mercantile gentleman, who had come over from America ³⁰ with them, and with whom he had contracted an intimacy on the passage. His friend very soon put an end to his doubts. 'He let me,' says Franklin, 'into Keith's charac-

ter; told me there was not the least probability that he had written any letters for me; that no one who knew him had the smallest dependence on him; and he laughed at the idea of the Governor's giving me a letter of credit, having, as he said, no credit to give.'

Thus thrown once more on his own means, our young adventurer found there was no resource for him but to endeavour to procure some employment at his trade in London. Accordingly, having applied to a Mr. Palmer, 10 a printer of eminence in Bartholomew Close, his services were accepted, and he remained there for nearly a year. During this time, although he was led into a good deal of idleness by the example of a friend, somewhat older than himself, he by no means forgot his old habits of reading and study. Having been employed in printing a second edition of Wollaston's *Religion of Nature*, his perusal of the work induced him to compose and publish a small pamphlet in refutation of some of the author's positions, which, he tells us, he did not afterwards look back upon as altogether 20 a wise proceeding. He employed the greater part of his leisure more profitably in reading a great many works, which (circulating libraries, he remarks, not being then in use) he borrowed, on certain terms that were agreed upon between them, from a bookseller, whose shop was next door to his lodgings in Little Britain, and who had an immense collection of second-hand books. His pamphlet, however, was the means of making him known to a few of the literary characters then in London, among the rest to the noted Dr. Mandeville, author of the *Fable of the* 30 *Bees*; and to Dr. Pemberton, Sir Isaac Newton's friend, who promised to give him an opportunity, some time or other, of seeing that great man: but this, he says, never happened. He also became acquainted about the same

time with the famous collector and naturalist, Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum, who had heard of some curiosities which Franklin had brought over from America. Among these was a purse made of *asbestos*, which Sir Hans purchased from him.

While with Mr. Palmer, and afterwards with Mr. Watts, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, he gave very striking evidence of those habits of temperance, self-command, industry, and frugality, which distinguished him through after-life, and were undoubtedly the source of much of the success that attended his persevering efforts to raise himself from the humble condition in which he passed his earlier years. While Mr. Watts' other workmen spent a great part of every week's wages on beer, he drank only water, and found himself a good deal stronger, as well as much more clear-headed, on his light beverage, than they on their strong potations. 'From my example,' says he, 'a great many of them left off their muddling breakfast of beer, bread and cheese, finding they could with me be supplied from a neighbouring house with a large porringer of hot water-gruel sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer, viz.,—three half-pence. This was a more comfortable, as well as a cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sotting with their beer all day, were often, by not paying, out of credit at the alehouse, and used to make interest with me to get beer,—*their light*, as they phrased it, *being out*. I watched the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their accounts. This, and my being esteemed a pretty good *riggite*, that is, a jocular verbal satirist, supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never

making a *St. Monday*) recommended me to the master ; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon works of dispatch, which are generally better paid : so I went on now very agreeably.'

He spent about eighteen months altogether in London, during most part of which time he worked hard, he says, at his business, and spent but little upon himself except in seeing plays, and in books. At last his friend Mr. Denham, the gentleman with whom, as we mentioned before, he had
 10 got acquainted on his voyage to England, informed him he was going to return to Philadelphia to open a store, or mercantile establishment there, and offered him the situation of his clerk at a salary of fifty pounds. The money was less than he was now making as a compositor ; but he longed to see his native country again, and he accepted the proposal. Accordingly they set sail together ; and, after a long voyage, arrived in Philadelphia on the 11th of October, 1726. Franklin was at this time only in his twenty-first
 year ; and he mentions having formed, and committed to
 20 writing, while at sea, a plan for regulating the future conduct of his life. This unfortunately has been lost ; but he tells us himself, that, although conceived and determined upon when he was so young, it had yet 'been pretty faithfully adhered to quite through to old age.'

Mr. Denham had only begun business in Philadelphia for a few months when he died ; and Franklin was once more left upon the world. He now engaged again with his old master, Keimer, the printer, who had got a better house, and plenty of new types, though he was still as ignorant of
 30 his business as he was at the time of Franklin's former connexion with him. While in this situation Franklin got acquainted with several persons, like himself, fond of literary pursuits ; and as the men never worked on Saturday, that

being Keimer's self-appointed Sabbath, he had the whole day for reading. He also showed his ingenuity, and the fertility of his resources on various occasions. They wanted some new types, which, there being no letter-foundry in America, were only to be procured from England; but Franklin, having seen types cast in London, though he had paid no particular attention to the process, contrived a mould, made use of the letters they had as punches, struck the matrices in lead, and thus supplied, as he tells us, in a pretty tolerable way, all deficiencies. 'I also,' he adds, 'engraved several things, on occasion; made the ink; I was warehouseman; and, in short, quite a *factotum*.'

He did not, however, remain long with Keimer, who had engaged him only that he might have his other workmen taught through his means; and, accordingly, when this object was in some sort attained, contrived to pick a quarrel with him, which produced an immediate separation. He then entered into an agreement with one of his fellow-workmen, of the name of Meredith, whose friends were possessed of money, to begin business in Philadelphia in company with him, the understanding being that Franklin's skill should be placed against the capital to be supplied by Meredith. While he and his friend, however, were secretly preparing to put their plan in execution, he was induced to return for a few months to Keimer, on his earnest invitation, to enable him to perform a contract for the printing of some paper-money for the State of New Jersey, which required a variety of cuts and types that nobody else in the place could supply; and, the two having gone together to Burlington to superintend this business, Franklin was fortunate enough, during the three months he remained in that city, to acquire, by his agreeable manners and intelligent conversation, the friendship of several of the principal

inhabitants, with whom his employment brought him into connexion. Among these he mentions particularly, Isaac Decow, the surveyor-general. 'He was,' says Franklin, 'a shrewd, sagacious, old man, who told me that he began for himself, when young, by wheeling clay for the brickmakers, learned to write after he was of age, carried the chain for surveyors, who taught him surveying, and he had now by his industry acquired a good estate ; and, said he, I foresee that you will soon work this man (Keimer) out of his
10 business, and make a fortune in it at Philadelphia. He had then not the least intimation of my intention to set up there or any where.'

Soon after he returned to Philadelphia, the types that had been sent for from London arrived ; and, settling with Keimer, he and his partner took a house, and commenced business. 'We had scarce opened our letters,' says he, 'and put our press in order, before George House, an acquaintance of mine, brought a countryman to us, whom he had met in the street, inquiring for a printer. All our
20 cash was now expended in the variety of particulars we had been obliged to procure, and this countryman's five shillings, being our first fruits, and coming so seasonably, gave me more pleasure than any crown I have since earned ; and, from the gratitude I felt towards House, has made me often more ready than perhaps I otherwise should have been, to assist young beginners.' He had, in the autumn of the preceding year, suggested to a number of his acquaintances a scheme for forming themselves into a club for mutual improvement ; and they had accordingly
30 been in the habit of meeting every Friday evening under the name of the Junto. All the members of this association exerted themselves in procuring business for him ; and one of them, named Breinthal, obtained from the Quakers the

printing of forty sheets of a history of that sect of religionists, then preparing at the expense of the body 'Upon these,' says Franklin, 'we worked exceeding hard, for the price was low. It was a folio. I composed a sheet a day, and Meredith worked it off at press. It was often eleven at night, and sometimes later, before I had finished my distribution for the next day's work; for the little jobs sent in by our other friends, now and then, put us back. But so determined was I to continue doing a sheet a day of the folio, that one night, when, having imposed my 10 forms, I thought my day's work over, one of them by accident was broken, and two pages (the half of the day's work) reduced to *pis*, I immediately distributed and composed it over again before I went to bed; and this industry, visible to our neighbours, began to give us character and credit.' The consequence was that business, and even offers of credit, came to them from all hands.

They soon found themselves in a condition to think of establishing a newspaper; but, Franklin having inadvertently mentioned this scheme to a person who came to him 20 wanting employment, that individual carried the secret to their old master, Keimer, with whom he, as well as themselves, had formerly worked; and he immediately determined to anticipate them by issuing proposals for a paper of his own. The manner in which Franklin met and defeated this treachery is exceedingly characteristic. There was another paper published in the place, which had been in existence for some years; but it was altogether a wretched affair; and owed what success it had merely to the absence of all competition. For this print, however, 30 Franklin, not being able to commence his own paper immediately, in conjunction with a friend, set about writing a series of amusing communications under the title

of the 'Busy Body,' which the publisher printed, of course, very gladly. 'By this means,' says he, 'the attention of the public was fixed on that paper; and Keimer's proposals, which we burlesqued and ridiculed, were disregarded. He began his paper, however; and before carrying it on three-quarters of a year, with at most only ninety subscribers, he offered it me for a trifle; and I, having been ready some time to go on with it, took it in hand directly, and it proved in a few years extremely profitable to me.'

- 10 The paper, indeed, had no sooner got into Franklin's hands than its success equalled his most sanguine expectations. Some observations which he wrote and printed in it on a colonial subject, then much talked of, excited so much attention among the leading people of the place, that it obtained the proprietors many friends in the House of Assembly, and they were, on the first opportunity, appointed printers to the house. Fortunately, too, certain events occurred about this time which ended in the dissolution of Franklin's connexion with Meredith, who was
- 20 an idle, drunken fellow, and had all along been a mere incumbrance upon the concern. His father failing to advance the capital which had been agreed upon, when payment was demanded at the usual time by their paper-merchant and other creditors, he proposed to Franklin to relinquish the partnership, and leave the whole in his hands, if the latter would take upon him the debts of the company, return to his father what he had advanced on their commencing business, pay his little personal debts, and give him thirty pounds and a new saddle. By the
- 30 kindness of two friends, who, unknown to each other, came forward unasked to tender their assistance, Franklin was enabled to accept of this proposal; and thus, about the year 1729, when he was yet only in the twenty-fourth year of his

age, he found himself, after all his disappointments and vicissitudes, with nothing, indeed, to depend upon but his own skill and industry for gaining a livelihood, and for extricating himself from debt, but yet in one sense fairly established in life, and with at least a prospect of well-doing before him.

Having followed his course thus far with so minute an observance of the several steps by which he arrived at the point to which we have now brought him, we shall not attempt to pursue the remainder of his career with the same particularity. His subsequent efforts in the pursuit 10 of fortune and independence were, as is well known, eminently successful; and we find in his whole history, even to its close, a display of the same spirit of intelligence and love of knowledge, and the same active, self-denying, and intrepid virtues, which so greatly distinguished its commencement. The publication of a pamphlet, soon after • Meredith had left him, in recommendation of a paper currency, a subject then much debated in the province, obtained him such popularity, that he was employed by the government in printing the notes after they had 20 resolved upon issuing them. Other profitable business of the same kind succeeded. He then opened a stationer's shop, began gradually to pay off his debts, and soon after married. By this time his old rival, Keimer, had gone to ruin; and he was (with the exception of an old man, who was rich, and did not care about business) the only printer in the place. We now find him taking a leading part as a citizen. He established a circulating library, the first ever known in America, which, although it commenced with only fifty subscribers, became in course of time a large and 30 valuable collection, the proprietors of which were eventually incorporated by royal charter. While yet in its infancy, however, it afforded its founder facilities of improvement

of which he did not fail to avail himself, setting apart, as he tells us, an hour or two every day for study, which was the only amusement he allowed himself. In 1732 he first published his celebrated Almanack, under the name of 'Richard Saunders,' but which was commonly known by the name of Poor Richard's Almanack. He continued this publication annually for twenty-five years. The proverbs and pithy sentences scattered up and down in the different numbers of it were afterwards thrown together into a connected discourse under the title of *The Way to Wealth*, a production which has become so extensively popular, that every one of our readers is probably familiar with it.

We shall quote, in his own words, the account he gives of the manner in which he pursued one branch of his studies:—

'I had begun,' says he, 'in 1733, to study languages. I soon made myself so much a master of the French, as to be able to read the books in that language with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance, who was also learning it, used often to tempt me to play chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refused to play any more, unless on this condition, that the victor in every game should have a right to impose a task, either of parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, etc., which task the vanquished was to perform upon honour before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language. I afterwards, with a little pains-taking, acquired as much of the Spanish as to read their books also. I have already mentioned that I had only one year's instruction in a Latin school, and that when very young, after which I neglected that language entirely. But when I had attained an acquaintance with the French, Italian, and Spanish, I was surprised to find,

on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood more of that language than I had imagined, which encouraged me to apply myself again to the study of it; and I met with the more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smoothed my way.'

In 1736, he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly, and, being soon after appointed Deputy-postmaster for the State, he turned his thoughts to public affairs, beginning, however, as he says, with small matters. He first occupied himself in improving the city watch; then suggested and 10 promoted the establishment of a fire-insurance company; and afterwards exerted himself in organizing a philosophical society, an academy for the education of youth, and a militia for the defence of the province. In short, every part of the civil government, as he tells us, and almost at the same time, imposed some duty upon him. 'The Governor,' he says, 'put me into the commission of the peace; the corporation of the city chose me one of the common council, and soon after alderman; and the citizens at large elected me a burgess to represent them in the 20 assembly. This latter station was the more agreeable to me, as I grew at length tired with sitting there to hear the debates, in which, as clerk, I could take no part, and which were often so uninteresting that I was induced to amuse myself with making magic squares or circles, or anything to avoid weariness; and I conceived my becoming a member would enlarge my power of doing good. I would not, however, insinuate that my ambition was not flattered by all these promotions,—it certainly was: for, considering my low beginning, they were great things to me; and they were 30 still more pleasing as being so many spontaneous testimonies of the public good opinion, and by me entirely unsolicited.'

G. L. CRAIK.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As teacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good : 10
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice :
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive dart, 15
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art :
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death. 20
But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold

Fall in the general massacre of gold ;
Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind.
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws, 25
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land, 30
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord.
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower ;
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound, 35
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee ? Crush th' upbraiding joy ;
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy. 40
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade ;
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails, 45
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth : 50
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest.
Thou who could'st laugh, where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;

Where wealth, unlov'd, without a mourner died, 55
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
 Where change of favourites made no change of laws, 60
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;
 How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe,
 Attentive truth and nature to descry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye !
 To thee were solemn toys, or empty show, 65
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
 Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
 Renew'd at every glance on humankind ; 70
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search every state, and canvass every prayer.
 Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
 Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call, 75
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On every stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning worshipper no more ; 80
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicat'or flies.
 From every room descends the painted face,
 That hung the bright palladium of the place ;
 And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold, 85
 To better features yields the frame of gold :
 For now no more we trace in every line

Heroic worth, benevolence divine :
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall. 90

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal ?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings ;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats, 95
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full, to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand : 100
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows.

Still to new heights his restless wishes tower, 105
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power :
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate. 110
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly :

Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board, 115
The liveried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest ;
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. 120

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine ?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
 For why did Wolsey, near the steep of fate, 125
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?
 Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ? 130
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings allied ?
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
 And power too great to keep or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name, 135
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
 Thro' all his veins the fever of renown
 Burns from the strong contagion of the gown :
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. 140
 Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
 Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray, 145
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ; 150
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,

Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free, 155
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee.

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise ;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. 160

See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prizè bestows, 165
The glittering eminence exempt from foes ;
See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.

From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent, 170
Mark'd out by dangerous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block :
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show, 175
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.

Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world ; 180
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.

Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game, 185
Where wasted nations raise a single name ;

And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt ;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay. 190

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, 195

Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
 Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign : 200

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
 'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till naught remain,
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
 The march begins, in military state, 205

And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stefn Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay !—
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day : 210

The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend ? 215

Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,

A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ; 220
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barbarous pride, 225
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way.
Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more. 230

Fresh praise is tried, till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
New powers are claim'd, new powers are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show, 235
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe.

Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host. 240

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power ;
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway.
Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms, 245

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war : 250
The baffled prince, in honour's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom ;

- His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
 'Enlarge my life with multitude of days !' 255
- In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays :
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
 That life protracted is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy : 260
- In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower ;
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
 Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines, 265
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
 No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear ;
 Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near ; 270
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend.
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong ;
 The still returning tale, and lingering jest, 275
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear :
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expense, 280
 Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.
 Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
 But unextinguish'd avarice still remains, 285

And dreaded losses aggravate his pains :
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies. 290

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears, 295
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers ;
The general favourite, as the general friend :
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet even on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings, 300
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay, 305
Still drops some joy from withering life away ;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace. 310

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise, 315
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise !
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
 Begg for each birth the fortune of a face ; 320
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite, 325
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night ;
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart ;
 What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave ? 330
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines,
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard, and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slippery reign, 335
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend :
 The guardians yield, by force superior plied,
 To Interest, Prudence ; and to Flattery, Pride. 340
 Here beauty falls, betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find ?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, 345
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
 Inquirer, cease : petitions yet remain,
 Which Heav'n may hear : nor deem religion vain. 350
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,

But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, 355
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ; 360
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain, 365
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED AND
CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

5

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

10

'My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three, .
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.'

15

He soon replied, 'I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

20

When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

55

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
'The wine is left behind !'

60

'Good lack !' quoth he—'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.'

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

65

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

70

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

75

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

80

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried, 85
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright, 90
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got 95
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig. 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern 105
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ; 110

And every soul cried out, 'Well done!'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
'He carries weight!' 'He rides a race!'
'Tis for a thousand pound!'

115

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

120

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

125

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

130

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

135

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

140

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

‘Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here’s the house!’ 145
They all at once did cry;
‘The dinner waits, and we are tired;’—
Said Gilpin—‘So am I!’

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there! 150
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to 155
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender’s
His horse at last stood still. 160

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:
‘What news? what news? your tidings tell; 165
Tell me you must and shall—

Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?’

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke; 170

And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

'I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,— 175
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ; 180

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn 185
Thus showed his ready wit,
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ; 190
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John, 'It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton, 195
And I should dine at Ware.'

So turning to his horse, he said,
'I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.' 200

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before. 205

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first ;
For why ?—they were too big. 210

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ; 215

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
'This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.' 220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain :
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more
And made him faster run. 225

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels, 230

The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear, 235
They raised the hue and cry :

'Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too, 245
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he! 250
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

It was St. Mary's Eve, and all poured forth
For some great festival. The fisher came
From his green islet, bringing o'er the waves
His wife and little one; the husbandman
From the Firm Land, with many a friar and nun, 5
And village-maiden, her first flight from home,
Crowding the common ferry. All arrived;
And in his straw the prisoner turned to hear,
So great the stir in Venice. Old and young
Thronged her three hundred bridges; the grave Turk, 10
Turbaned, long-vested, and the cozening Jew
In yellow hat and thread-bare gaberdine,
Hurrying along. For, as the custom was,
The noblest sons and daughters of the State,
Whose names are written in the Book of Gold, 15
Were on that day to solemnize their nuptials.
At noon a distant murmur through the crowd
Rising and rolling on, proclaimed them near;
And never from their earliest hour was seen
Such splendour or such beauty. Two and two, 20
(The richest tapestry unrolled before them)
First came the Brides; each in her virgin-veil,
Nor unattended by her bridal maids,
The two that, step by step, behind her bore

The small but precious caskets that contained 25
 The dowry and the presents. On she moved
 In the sweet seriousness of virgin-youth ;
 Her eyes cast down, and holding in her hand
 A fan, that gently waved, of ostrich-plumes.
 Her veil, transparent as the gossamer, 30
 Fell from beneath a starry diadem ;
 And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,
 Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst ;
 A jewelled chain, in many a winding wreath,
 Wreathing her gold brocade. 35

Before the Church,
 That venerable structure now no more,
 On the sea-brink, another train they met,
 No strangers, nor unlooked for ere they came,
 Brothers to some, still dearer to the rest ;
 Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume, 40
 And, as he walked, with modest dignity
 Folding his scarlet mantle. At the gate
 They join ; and slowly up the bannered aisle,
 Led by the choir, with due solemnity
 Range round the altar. In his vestments there 45
 The Patriarch stands ; and, while the anthem flows
 Who can look on unmoved—the dream of years
 Just now fulfilling ! Here a mother weeps,
 Rejoicing in her daughter. There a son
 Blesses the day that is to make her his ; 50
 While she shines forth through all her ornament,
 Her beauty heightened by her hopes and fears.
 At length the rite is ending All fall down,
 All of all ranks ; and, stretching out his hands,
 Apostle-like, the holy man proceeds 55
 To give the blessing—not a stir, a breath ;

When hark, a din of voices from without,
And shrieks and groans and outcries as in battle !
And lo, the door is burst, the curtain rent,
And armed ruffians, robbers from the deep, 60
Savage, uncouth, led on by Barberigo
And his six brothers in their coats of steel,
Are standing on the threshold ! Statue-like
Awhile they gaze on the fallen multitude,
Each with his sabre up, in act to strike ; 65
Then, as at once recovering from the spell,
Rush forward to the altar, and as soon
Are gone again—amid no clash of arms
Bearing away the maidens and the treasures.

Where are they now ?—ploughing the distant waves, 70
Their sails outspread and given to the wind,
They on their decks triumphant. On they speed,
Steering for Istria ; their accursed barks
(Well are they known, the galliot and the galley)
Frighted, alas, with all that life endears ! 75
The richest argosies were poor to them !

Now hadst thou seen along that crowded shore
The matrons running wild, their festal dress
A strange and moving contrast to their grief ;
And through the city, wander where thou wouldst, 80
The men half armed and arming—everywhere
As roused from slumber by the stirring trump ;
One with a shield, one with a casque and spear ;
One with an axe severing in two the chain
Of some old pinnace. Not a raft, a plank, 85
But on that day was drifting. In an hour
Half Venice was afloat. But long before,
Frantic with grief and scorning all control,
The youths were gone in a light brigantine,

Lying at anchor near the Arsenal ; 90
 Each having sworn, and by the holy rood,
 To slay or to be slain.

And from the tower
 The watchman gives the signal. In the East
 A ship is seen, and making for the Port ;
 Her flag St. Mark's. And now she turns the point, 95
 Over the waters like a sea-bird flying !
 Ha, 'tis the same, 'tis theirs ! from stern to prow
 Green with victorious wreaths, she comes to bring
 All that was lost.

Coasting, with narrow search,
 Friuli—like a tiger in his spring, 100
 They had surprised the Corsairs where they lay
 Sharing the spoil in blind security
 And casting lots—had slain them, one and all,
 All to the last, and flung them far and wide
 Into the sea, their proper element ; 105
 Him first, as first in rank, whose name so long
 Had hushed the babes of Venice, and who yet,
 Breathing a little, in his look retained
 The fierceness of his soul.

Thus were the Brides
 Lost and recovered ; and what now remained 110
 But to give thanks ? Twelve breast-plates and twelve
 crowns,

By the young Victors to their Patron-Saint
 Vowed in the field, inestimable gifts
 Flaming with gems and gold, were in due time
 Laid at his feet ; and ever to preserve 115
 The memory of a day so full of change,
 From joy to grief, from grief to joy again,
 Through many an age, as oft as it came round,

'Twas held religiously. The Doge resigned
His crimson for pure ermine, visiting 120
At earliest dawn St. Mary's silver shrine;
And through the city, in a stately barge
Of gold, were borne with songs and symphonies
Twelve ladies young and noble. Clad they were
In bridal white with bridal ornaments, 125
Each in her glittering veil; and on the deck,
As on a burnished throne, they glided by;
No window or balcony but adorned
With hangings of rich texture, not a roof
But covered with beholders, and the air 130
Vocal with joy. Onward they went, their oars
Moving in concert with the harmony,
Through the Rialto to the Ducal Palace,
And at a banquet, served with honour there,
Sat representing, in the eyes of all, 135
Eyes not unwet, I ween, with grateful tears,
Their lovely ancestors, the Brides of Venice.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THE COMBAT.

I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side ;— 5
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen, 10
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier matins by, 15
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,

And, true to promise, led the way, 20
By thicket green and mountain grey.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith, 25
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain 30
Assistance from the hand to gain ;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear ! 35

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;
Ever the hollow path twined on, 40
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, 45
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still, 50

Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrents down had borne,
 And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. 55
 So toilsome was the road to trace,
 The guide, abating of his pace,
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
 He sought these wilds, traversed by few, 60
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

'Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side ;
 Yet, sooth to tell,' the Saxon said,
 'I dreamt not now to claim its aid. 65
 When here, but three days since, I came,
 Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
 All seem'd as peaceful and as still,
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill ;
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, 70
 Nor soon expected back from war.
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
 Though deep perchance the villain lied.'
 'Yet why a second venture try ?'
 'A warrior thou, and ask me why !— 75
 Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,
 As gives the poor mechanic laws ?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide 80
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—

A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
The merry glance of mountain maid :
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone.'—

85

V.

'Thy secret keep, I urge thee not ;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, rais'd by Mar ?'
—'No, by my word ;—of bands prepared 90
To guard King James's sports I heard ;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.'— 95
'Free be they flung ! for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung !—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came, 100
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe ?'—
"Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew 105
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight :
Yet this alone might from his part 110
Sever each true and loyal heart.'

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.
 A space he paused, then sternly said,
 'And heard'st thou why he drew his blade? 115
 Heard'st thou, that shameful word and blow
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
 What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
 On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
 He rights such wrong where it is given, 120
 If it were in the court of heaven.'—
 'Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
 Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;
 While Albany, with feeble hand,
 Held borrow'd truncheon of command, 125
 The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower
 Was stranger to respect and power.
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain 130
 His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.—
 Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
 The spoils from such foul foray borne.'

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
 And answer'd with disdainful smile,— 135
 'Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
 Far to the south and east, where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 Deep waving fields and pastures green, 140

With gentle slopes and groves between :—
These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael ;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land. 145
Where dwell we now ! See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fatten'd steer or household bread ;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, 150
And well the mountain might reply,—
"To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest." 155
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey ?
Ay, by my soul !—While on yon plain 160
The Saxon rears one shock of grain ;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share. 165
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true ?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.'—

VIII.

Answer'd Fitz-James,—' And, if I sought, 170
Think'st thou no other could be brought ?

What deem ye of my path waylaid ?
 My life given o'er to ambuscade ?'—
 'As of a meed to rashness due :
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, — 175
 I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
 Free hadst thou been to come and go ;
 But secret path marks secret foe.
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy, 180
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,
 Save to fulfil an augury.'—
 'Well, let it pass ; nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow. 185
 Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride :
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
 In peace ; but when I come again,
 I come with banner, brand and bow 190
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel Chieftain and his band !' 195

IX.

'Have, then, thy wish !'—He whistled shrill,
 And he was answer'd from the hill ;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose 200
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;
 On right, on left, above, below,

Sprang up at once the lurking foe ;
 From shingles grey their lances start,
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart, 205
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
 That whistle garrison'd the glen 210
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood, and still. 215
 Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung, 220
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James—'How say'st thou now? 225
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu !'

X.

Fitz-James was brave :—Though to his heart
 The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
 He mann'd himself with dauntless air, 230
 Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before :—

- 'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I.' 235
 Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel.
 Short space he stood—then waved his hand : 240
 Down sunk the disappearing band ;
 Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low ; 245
 It seem'd as if their mother Earth
 Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
 The next but swept a lone hill-side, 250
 Where heath and fern were waving wide :
 The sun's last glance was glinted back,
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 • On bracken green, and cold grey stone. 255

XI.

- Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed
 The witness that his sight received ;
 Such apparition well might seem
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, 260
 And to his look the Chief replied,
 "Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
 But—doubt not aught from mine array.
 Thou art my guest ;—I pledged my word

As far as Coilantogle ford : 265
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on ;—I only meant 270
To show the reed on which you lent,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.
They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive : 275
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife 280
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonour'd and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eyes sought round
The vanish'd guardians of the ground, 285
And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind 290
The pass was left ; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear. 295

XII.

The chief in silence strode before,
 And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines 300
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.
 And here his course the Chieftain staid,
 Threw down his target and his plaid, 305
 And to the Lowland warrior said—
 'Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan, 310
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here all vantageless I stand, 315
 Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand :
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.'

XIII.

The Saxon paused :—'I ne'er delay'd,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death :
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved : 320

Can naught but blood our feud atone? 325
 Are there no means?—'No, Stranger, none!
 And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
 For thus spoke Fate by prophet, bred
 Between the living and the dead; 330
 "Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife."
 'Then, by my word,' the Saxon said,
 'The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,— 335
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus fate hath solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe, 340
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favour free,
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand, 345
 That aids thee now to guard thy land.'

XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
 'Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu? 350
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.
 Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour light 355

As that of some vain carpet-knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair.'
 'I thank thee, Roderick, for the word ! 360
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell ! and, ruth, begone !—
 Yet think not that by thee alone, 365
 Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast. 370
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.'
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain, 375
 As what they ne'er might see again ;
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw, 380
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dash'd aside ;
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practised every pass and ward, 385
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;

While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ; 390
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like winter rain :
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof, 395
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill ;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand, 400
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

'Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!'
'Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy ! 405
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.'
—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ; 410
Receiv'd, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel, 415
Through bars of brass and triple steel !—
They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,

The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
 His knee was planted on his breast ; 420
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright !—
 —But hate and fury ill supplied 425
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye. 430
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close, 435
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,
 Redeem'd, unhop'd, from desperate strife ;
 Next on his foe his look he cast,
 Whose every gasp appear'd his last ; 440
 In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid,—
 'Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid :
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
 The praise that faith and valour give.'
 With that he blew a bugle note, 445
 Undid the collar from his throat,
 Unbonneted, and by the wave
 Sate down his brow and hands to lave.

Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ; 450
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green ;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed ;
Each onward held his headlong course, 455
And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,—
With wonder view'd the bloody spot—
—'Exclaim not, gallants ! question not.—
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight ; 460
Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight ;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed. 465
The sun rides high ;—I must be boune,
To see the archer-game at noon ;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

'Stand, Bayard, stand !'—the steed obey'd, 470
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid, 475
But wreath'd his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
And stirr'd his courage with the steel.

Bounded the fiery steed in air, 480
 The rider sate erect and fair,
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
 Forth launch'd, along the plain they go.
 They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew ; 485
 Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,
 His merry-men follow'd as they might.
 Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,
 And in the race they mock thy tide ;
 Torry and Lendrick now are past, 490
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast ;
 They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
 They sink in distant woodland soon ;
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
 They sweep like breeze through Ochertyre ; 495
 They mark just glance and disappear
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier ;
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
 Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides,
 And on the opposing shore take ground, 500
 With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth !
 And soon the bulwark of the North,
 Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
 Upon their fleet career look'd down. 505

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd,
 Sudden his steed the leader rein'd ;
 A signal to his squire he flung,
 Who instant to his stirrup sprung :—
 'Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey, 510

Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array ?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side ?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom ?' 515
'No, by my word ;—a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A baron's train would nobly grace.'—
'Out, out, De Vaux ! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye ? 520
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew ;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle ! 525
The uncle of the banish'd Earl.
Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe :
The King must stand upon his guard ;
Douglas and he must meet prepared.' 530
Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight
They won the castle's postern gate.

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,
Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf, 535
Held sad communion with himself :—
'Yes ! all is true my fears could frame ;
A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel. 540
I, only I, can ward their fate,—

God grant the ransom come not late !
 The abbess hath her promise given,
 My child shall be the bride of heaven ;—
 —Be pardon'd one repining tear ! 545
 For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
 How excellent !—but that is by,
 And now my business is—to die.
 —Ye towers ! within whose circuit dread
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled ; 550
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound !
 That oft has heard the death-axe sound,
 As on the noblest of the land
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb 555
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom !
 —But hark ! what blithe and jolly peal
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?
 And see ! upon the crowded street,
 In motley groups what masquers meet ! 560
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
 And merry morrice-dancers come.
 I guess, by all this quaint array,
 The burghers hold their sports to-day.
 James will be there ; he loves such show, 565
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
 As well as where, in proud career,
 The high-born tilter shivers spear.
 I'll follow to the Castle-park, 570
 And play my prize ;—King James shall mark
 If age has tamed these sinews stark,
 Whose force so oft, in happier days,
 His boyish wonder loved to praise.'

XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung, 575
The quivering draw-bridge rock'd and rung,
And echo'd loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went, 580
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low.
To his white jennet's saddlebow,
Doffing his cap to city dame, 585
Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain,—
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire, 590
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,—
'Long live the Commons' King, King James!'
Behind the King throng'd peer and knight, 595
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill brook'd the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
—But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern ; 600
There nobles mourn'd their pride restrain'd,
And the mean burgher's joys disdain'd ;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banish'd man,
There thought upon their own grey tower, 605

Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deem'd themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout. 610
There morricers, with bell at heel,
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
But chief, beside the butts, there stand
Bold Robin Hood and all his band,—
Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, 615
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
Their bugles challenge all that will,
In archery to prove their skill. 620
The Douglas bent a bow of might,—
His first shaft centred in the white,
And when in turn he shot again,
His second split the first in twain.
From the King's hand must Douglas take 625
A silver dart, the archer's stake;
Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye,
Some answering glance of sympathy,—
No kind emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to archer wight, 630
The monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
The manly wrestlers take their stand.
Two o'er the rest superior rose,

And proud demanded mightier foes, 635
Nor call'd in vain ; for Douglas came.
—For life is Hugh of Larbert lame ;
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bare.
Prize of the wrestling match, the King 640
To Douglas gave a golden ring,
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
As frozen drop of wintry dew.
Douglas would speak, but in his breast
His struggling soul his words suppress'd ; 645
Indignant then he turn'd him where
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massive bar in air.
When each his utmost strength had shown,
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone 650
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,
A rood beyond the farthest mark ;
And still in Stirling's royal park,
The grey-hair'd sires, who know the past, 655
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang. 660
The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd
A purse well fill'd with pieces broad,
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder,* scan, 665

And sharper glance, the dark grey man ;
 Till whispers rose among the throng,
 That heart so free, and hand so strong,
 Must to the Douglas blood belong ;
 The old men mark'd and shook the head, 670
 To see his hair with silver spread,
 And wink'd aside, and told each son,
 Of feats upon the English done,
 Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
 Was exiled from his native land. 675
 The women prais'd his stately form,
 Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm ;
 The youth with awe and wonder saw
 His strength surpassing Nature's law.
 Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd, 680
 Till murmur rose to clamours loud.
 But not a glance from that proud ring
 Of peers who circled round the King,
 With Douglas held communion kind,
 Or call'd the banish'd man to mind ; 685
 No, not from those who, at the chase,
 • Once held his side the honour'd place,
 Begirt his board, and, in the field,
 Found safety underneath his shield ;
 For he, whom royal eyes disown, 690
 When was his form to courtiers known ?

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
 And bade let loose a gallant stag,
 Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
 Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,
 That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine, 695

Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North,— 700
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And dashing on the antler'd prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank. 705
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.
—The Douglas had endured, that morn, 710
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd ;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed, 715
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck ;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high, 720
In darken'd brow and flashing eye ;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride ;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore. 725
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,
 And brandish'd swords and staves amain,
 But stern the Baron's warning—'Back!
 Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
 Beware the Douglas.—Yes! behold,
 King James! The Douglas, doom'd of old,
 And vainly sought for near and far,
 A victim to atone the war,
 A willing victim, now attends,
 Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.'—
 'Thus is my clemency repaid?
 Presumptuous Lord!' the Monarch said;
 'Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
 The only man, in whom a foe
 My woman-mercy would not know:
 But shall a Monarch's presence brook
 Injurious blow, and haughty look?—
 What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
 Give the offender fitting ward.—
 Break off the sports!'—for tumult rose,
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—
 'Break off the sports!' he said, and frown'd,
 'And bid our horsemen clear the ground.'

XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray
 Marr'd the fair form of festal day.
 The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,
 Repell'd by threats and insult loud;
 To earth are borne the old and weak,
 The timorous fly, the women shriek;

With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The hardier urge tumultuous war.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep 760
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep ;
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disorder'd roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw 765
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said—
'Sir John of Hyndford ! 'twas my blade,
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid ;
For that good deed, permit me then 770
A word with these misguided men.

XXVIII.

'Hear, gentle friends ! ere yet for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws. 775
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire ?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low, 780
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
These cords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind ?
O no ! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour, 785
To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red ;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,

For me, that mother wails her son ;
 For me, that widow's mate expires ; 790
 For me, that orphans weep their sires ;
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.
 O let your patience ward such ill,
 And keep your right to love me still !' 795

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
 In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
 With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd
 For blessings on his generous head,
 Who for his country felt alone, 800
 And prized her blood beyond his own.
 Old men, upon the verge of life,
 Bless'd him who stay'd the civil strife ;
 And mothers held their babes on high,
 The self-devoted Chief to spy, 805
 Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
 To whom the prattlers owed a sire :
 E'en the rough soldier's heart was moved ;
 As if behind some bier beloved,
 With trailing arms and drooping head, 810
 The Douglas up the hill he led,
 And at the Castle's battled verge,
 With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
 With bitter thought and swelling heart, 815
 And would not now vouchsafe again
 Through Stirling streets to lead his train.

'O Lennox, who would wish to rule
 This changeling crowd, this common fool?
 Hear'st thou,' he said, 'the loud acclaim, 820
 With which they shout the Douglas name?
 With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
 Strain'd for King James their morning note;
 With like acclaim they hail'd the day,
 When first I broke the Douglas' sway : 825
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet
 If he could hurl me from my seat.
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream, 830
 And fickle as a changeful dream;
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,
 O who would wish to be thy king! 835

XXXI.

'But soft! what messenger of speed
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
 I guess his cognizance afar—
 What from our cousin, John of Mar?'—
 'He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound 840
 Within the safe and guarded ground:
 For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
 Most sure for evil to the throne,—
 The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Has summon'd his rebellious crew; 845
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
 These loose banditti stand array'd.
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,

To break their muster march'd, and soon
 Your grace will hear of battle fought ; 850
 But earnestly the Earl besought,
 Till for such danger he provide,
 With scanty train you will not ride.'

XXXII.

'Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
 I should have earlier look'd to this : 855
 I lost it in this bustling day.
 —Retrace with speed thy former way ;
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
 The best of mine shall be thy need.
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, 860
 We do forbid the intended war :
 Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
 Was made our prisoner by a knight ;
 And Douglas hath himself and cause
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws. 865
 The tidings of their leaders lost
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
 Bear Mar our message, Braco ; fly !' 870
 He turn'd his steed.—' My liege, I hie,—
 Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn.'
 The turf the flying courser spurn'd,
 And to his towers the King return'd. 875

XXXIII.

Ill with King James' mood that day,
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay ;

Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the sadden'd town 880
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumour'd feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms :—the Douglas too, 885
They mourn'd him pent within the hold,
'Where stout Earl William was of old.'
And there his word the speaker staid,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade. 890
But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the Castle press'd ;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore :
At noon the deadly fray begun, 895
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again. 5

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back. 10

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung. 15

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart. 20

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn !
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone; 5
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat, 10
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path, 15
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene; 20

And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships, 25
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane 30
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale, 35
Light the gloom.—

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:— 40
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'— 45

VI.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief

From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day. 50
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise ! 55
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep, 60
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true, 65
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles, 70
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE REVENGE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

I.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
'Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!' 5
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: 'Fore God I am no
coward;
'But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear, 5
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
three?'

II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: 'I know you are no
coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore. 10
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land 15
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left 20
to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in
sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
'Shall we fight or shall we fly ? 25
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'
And Sir Richard said again : ' We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil, 30
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,
and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were 35
seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long, sea-lane
between.

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks
and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little
craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred 40
tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of
guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII.

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like
a cloud—
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud, 45
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and 50
went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand
to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
" musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over
the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her 60
dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could
fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

X.

• For he said 'Fight on! fight on!'

Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;

And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night 65
was gone,

With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,*

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,

And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,

And he said 'Fight on! fight on!'

XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over 70
the summer sea,

And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in
a ring;

But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we
still could sting,

So they watch'd what the end would be.
 And we had not fought them in vain,
 But in perilous plight were we, 75
 Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
 And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
 In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
 And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
 stark and cold,
 And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder so
 was all of it spent;
 And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
 But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
 'We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
 As may never be fought again!
 We have ~~won~~ great glory, my men!
 And a day less or more 85
 At sea or ashore,
 We die—does it matter when?
 Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
 twain!
 Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!' 90

XII.

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply:
 'We have children, we have wives,
 And the Lord hath spared our lives.
 We will make the Spaniards promise, if we yield, to let us go;
 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.' 95
 And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
 at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried : 100

'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true ;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !'

And he fell upon their decks and he died.

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and 105
true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his English few.

Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,

But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,

And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew, 110

And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own ;

When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from
sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,

And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,

And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake 115
grew,

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
and their flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
navy of Spain,

And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags

To be lost evermore in the main.

ALFRED TENNYSON.